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Threads of Gold

Woven in Verse

By Rev. James Davies

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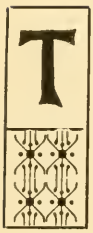
Threads of Gold.

PREFACE.



HE Poet lives in his own sublime sphere, a realm that is entirely his own. By his own peculiar fitness he reigns supreme, yet his own adaptation determines what the right of the poet shall be in the estimation of a critical world.

He must not only lay the foundation for his fame, but build and beautify the temple that shall draw forth the praises of his admirers.

He must set forth his own enchantments and become personally adorned with the richness of his own genius. It must permeate the poet's soul as he attempts to bring forth in his own graphic way such scenes or events that he may blend into verse to charm other minds.

The prayerful desire of the author has been to weave into his poem the spirit of truth and frankness, like a golden thread blending with a childlike simplicity.

Most of them have been written underneath the impulse of the moment, as the mind came in touch with the subjects blended into verse.

The one aim and object has been to glorify the spirit and life of our Lord Jesus Christ. "And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."

If these verses shall give comfort in sorrow, strengthen hope in the time of despair, or support in the time of affliction, the glory and praise shall be given to Him who inspired the mind and guided the pen in the portrayal of those scenes set forth in these silent pages that are now given to the public.

Some of these poems have proved strengthening and inspiring to other minds within the narrow sphere of personal friendship. Now, at their solicitation, they are given a wider sphere, like a friendly messenger sent forth into the wide, wide world to seek and find other hearts and minds to comfort, thrill and inspire.

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

THIS little book
Of poems small,
Readers cannot
Digest it all.
It has no lips
By which to speak,
Silent pages
Make it complete.

Its true value
Measured by love
Like unto that
Drawn from above,
A work of love
To many hearts,
Away you go,
With joy departs.

Where thou goest
Prayers will follow.
Truth thou lendest
Minds will borrow—
A golden thread
That shall yet bind,
By its own power
Be ye entwined.

Just one desire
From heart doth flow.
These silent pages
Christ may adore,
Thus drawing close
By secret ties
Links of friendship
Beneath the skies.

A monument
Of thought and toil,
This book is sent
From treasured soil.
Whilst it lingers
With you so nigh,
A monument
To wife and I.

Labor of love,
Sent like a dove,
Given to you,
Study it true,
Scatter it wide,
Whate'er betide.
Have done my best,
From toil I 'll rest.

THE NEW YEAR.

HAIL, bridal morn, another year,
Fairest of all that makes the same;
It comes with blessings thus to cheer—
"Happy New Year" is thy fair name.

So fair and pure, hope to inspire,
And life suffused to nobler deeds;
With firm resolve I touch its lyre—
Inspiring thought to which it leads.

It bids me rise in God's own might,
With true resolve for duty's hour;
This year may bring a greater light
To heart and home, my daily bower.

It links my life with those now past,
And one more year to earth's domain;
They come and go, yea, sure and fast,
This God-given one doth now remain.

It may be one of better years,
A friend to me, so good and true,
Or one, though strewn with many fears,
Through sorrows deep that may ensue.

Those years now past — I cannot bring
The lost ones back. O how intense
My heart doth yearn that I might wring
Apart those gates and bring them thence.

Yes, gone; and in abyss they hide—
Things unknown, alas! not to me;
This year may bring a sense of pride,
Like rippling waters of the sea.

It comes with love and hope to man,
To link his life with stronger faith;
When at the dawn it first began,
The new brings life, the old brought death.

And shall this come in vain? Ah, no;
Kind words and deeds in fragrance sweet
Fall 'round my pathway as I go,
To help some one, perchance, I meet.

Through days and weeks I shall behold
The joys of life's inspiring song;
And when the year grows old and cold,
I may have grown more sweet and young.

THERE IS NO NIGHT, NO DEATH.

THERE is no night, although the sun goes down,
Only to rise upon some other shore,
So that stars may shine, like some jeweled crown,
In heaven's fair dome, silent to adore
The creator of all.

There is no night, for the sun never sleeps,
Although it may seem to sink into rest;
And from sight withdrawn, it silently keeps
Its own sphere, day by day, from east to west,
Illuminating all.

There is no night; the darkness seems to fall,
And light of day doth fade, not pass away;
A veil doth fall, it does not cover all;
Just a little while, then comes the light of day.
From the sun's rising orb.

There is no death; the life sinks into gloom
Only to rise upon some other shore;
Hope, like stars, shine above the vaulted tomb
In heaven's light, a risen Christ adore—
In Christ, the light of day.

There is no death; our friends may pass away,
And a gloomy shade may o'ercast our sky;
The living soul still lives in boundless sway
Of endless day. It comes our faith to try
In life's great mysteries.

There can be no death to the living soul,
In its endless life an unfading ray;
Like unto the day, the sun doth control;
A living soul is an eternal day
Of an eternal sun.

SILENT SERVICE.

HAVE you ever watched the glowing sunset,
Whilst sinking in the distant west?
Or to its speech have you been unmindful,
As it whispered a quiet rest?

Have you ever watched the veil of darkness
At nightfall, that the sunset brings,
As if to cover your own weariness
With its gentle evening wings?

Often through the night you longed for daylight,
Ungrateful for the sky of blue,
With its countless stars of midnight brightness
And flowers drinking in the dew.

As the night ever seemed long with silence,
With a sense of some inward fear,
Striving to keep your fears in abeyance,
As they thus came creeping near,

Have you ever watched for daylight breaking
In the far-off eastern sky—
And you could not rest your ceaseless longing,
So strange it seemed, you knew not why?

Are you ungrateful, or are you selfish,
And think the world is going wrong?
Maybe you are craving some selfish wish
That makes your days and nights so long.

Ah! if you could be thus always craving
For others' needs, and thus to seek
A life of usefulness, thus increasing
The joy of those who mourn and weep!

With loving deeds suffuse your daily task,
In helping others as you roam;
Thousands there are who thus silently ask
Your help beneath the starry dome.

As they have watched for that veil of darkness
At nightfall which the sunset brings,
It does not cover their own weariness
With its gentle evening wings.

Many a soul prays at midnight darkness
Beneath the canopy of blue,
Longing for a star of christian brightness
To bring its blessing: *Is that you?*

Yes, many a soul thus longs for daylight
Beneath the midnight sky of blue;
Parched are they for the dew of sympathy.
To your mission can't you be true?

It's your "Silent Service" that is needed
In a suffering world like this.
Go at once, before the daylight fadeth,
And in the going find your bliss.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

JUST rock me to sleep, Mother,
As you used to long ago,
Those little sobs to smother
As I laid down on the floor.

So tired, weary and fretful,
I could find no place of rest
The little head, so weary
To rest on its mother's breast.

I feel so weary with care,
Will you a loving watch keep,
Again smooth my ruffled hair
Whilst rocking your boy to sleep?

I long for those childish years,
Now that they have passed away,
With so many griefs and tears—
Yet it seems but yesterday.

None to me have been more true,
Or a love more wide and deep;
My heart often calls for you
To rock me again to sleep.

How swiftly those years have flown!
Their memories still endure;
No face on mine ever shone
So brightly as that of yours.

Charm'd away many a pain
Whilst slumbers did o'er me creep,
Cooling the wee little brain
As you thus rock'd me to sleep.

I long for it thus once more;
The longing is broad and deep,
That you once more as of yore
Should rock me once more to sleep.

It appears to me so long,
As I used to fret and weep
Just for a motherly song
Whilst rocking your boy to sleep.

It seems to me like a dream,
When nightly shadows doth creep;
O that to-night it might seem
As if you thus rocked me to sleep.

I fancy I see the chair
Where those loving arms would keep
Her boy so free from all care
As you thus rocked me to sleep.

To sleep once more on her breast,
As if on the ocean deep,
Her boy would quietly rest
While Mother rocked him to sleep.

ONE LITTLE SEED.

A LITTLE seed placed in the ground
Into a tree did grow—
The vital germ with life abound
That sprang thus from below.

The seed, the germ, lay buried low,
Yea, lost to mortal sight;
Some unknown hand that seed did sow
In faith, a prospect bright.

That hand, that seed, shall never touch
Each other — nevermore.
As it thus blends and moulds with dust
Its work to life will soar.

The tree thus grows for some one else
To prize and to enjoy—
A shelter from the sun that wilts,
With burning heat annoy.

They bless that hand, though never seen
Or held in friendship's grasp;
One noble act thus stands between
The present and the past.

How many little seeds thus sown
In word or noble deed
By some kind heart 'neath heaven's dome
To bless some one in need!

To-day we live to sow some seed,
To-morrow we may die;
One little act shall surely lead
To bless some passer by.

Some unknown heart will grateful be
To him that sows the seed;
Whilst unconscious of others' need
To gratitude will lead.

There's not a source of joy we find
That helps us on our way,
But other hands have helped to bind
The blessings of to-day.

As I have reaped, so may I sow
For others in their day;
Whilst they reap, they may never know
Who sowed along the way.

MY LIFE: MY ALL.

O CHRIST, thou life divine,
Within my soul thus shine;
Claim me, I pray thee, as thine own,
That I may know as I am known,
And in thy likeness daily grow.
That I beyond may reap what I on earth have sown.

O Christ, my lord and king,
Help me thy praise to sing;
Teach me to trust and rest in thee,
That I in thee and thou in me
May fill my mission here below,
That I those joys may reap what I in faith have sown.

O Christ, thou son of God,
Emblem'd in Aaron's rod,
And brighter than the morning star
That shines so brightly from afar,
Thou art more beautiful than they—
The life, the source, the joy, of an eternal day

O Christ, thou friend of friends,
My life in sweetness blends
With thee and thine forevermore—
Thy glorious name I will adore
And daily love thee more and more
Till thou shalt call me home to be thine own.

O Christ, thou source of all
The joys that doth befall,
As I thus journey by the way,
Thou art with me, by night, by day,
Calling loved ones, yea, one by one.
I am waiting, Lord, for thee to say: "*well done.*"

OUR WEDDED LIFE.

THE darkness falls at eventide,
Whilst the fire on the hearth burns bright;
My wife is sitting by my side,
And the glow gives a pleasant light.

The cat is sitting at my feet,
And children are quiet and still—
These quiet hours my soul doth greet,
A sweet peace my spirit doth fill.

This home life doth sweet comfort give.
As together we onward go;
This home life is the life to live—
To anything else that I know.

Eventide, like a whisper'd song
Of sweet memories to my mind!
These winter nights are none too long
For the sweet home life — *of this kind.*

WHERE THE ZEPHYR BLOWS.

O THOU gentle zephyr, that calmly blows
Beneath the stars that shine,
At the evening hour when the light withdraws,
A soothing breath is thine,

As from some distant shore on gentle wings
A cooling breath thou bears,
And to my soul a quiet vesper sings,
Like some friend unawares.

Thine inspiring breath doth brood over all—
The leaves cannot be still;
A most welcome guest when night shadows fall,
My weariness to thrill.

I know not how, or why, or even whence
Thou comest unto me;
Of thy presence I have a grateful sense,
Like others, it may be.

Blow, gently blow thy breath upon my face,
Its influence to feel.
Go and find others, whom I cannot trace,
And with them gently deal.

THE SILENT MESSAGE.

A LETTER missive came over the sea
Bringing the sad, sad news to me—
With silent breath
It told of death
In the home that was far across the sea—
The land of my nativity.

As I broke the seal, I feared to take
The silent script, for it would break
Sad news to me,
From o'er the sea,
Of a loved one gone from earth so dear—
So far apart and yet so near.

It told in tones of most tenderest love
How she resigned her will to God;
With willing heart
She did depart,
To be with Christ in the mansions above,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love.

The bitterest pang that it brought to me
That never on earth I should see
Her well-known face
In fond embrace,
As in days of old, just beyond the sea;
She was as dear as life to me.

Farewell, thou loved one, it is not for long
When I 'll join that heavenly throng;
Once more we 'll greet,
Again to meet
In the land beyond, by the golden shore,
We 'll meet again, to part no more.

Elizabeth: so dear that well-known name!
In death, to me it is the same;
No change it makes—
It only breaks
The sacred ties of home, of earth and friends—
Her spirit free to Christ ascends.

JUST FIFTY YEARS AGO.

LIFE'S evening shades have gathered low,
The night is growing long;
It is just fifty years ago
They sang that baby song.

The day had passed, the evening shade,
Like unto smiles and tears,
When I in tender arms was laid—
A wee babe, without years.

An offspring of a mother's love,
And from her eyes did glow
A tenderness like that above—
Just fifty years ago.

How sweetly did her smiles thus fall
On that eventful day;
In innocence before them all
I on her bosom lay.

Just like a dream, my life has passed
Before my daily gaze;
This one frail link, it cannot last
Not very many days.

Those tender scenes have all dissolved,
And with increasing years
Partings and tears have been involved,
With many anxious fears.

That home forsaken like a nest,
Where loved ones lived and thrived;
I am alone, for all the rest
Have passed away and died.

Fifty years ago: one short day
It now appears to me;
My mother's God has led the way,
I thus can plainly see.

Those memories, how blest are they,
When I a boy at home
Went in and out, thus day by day
In childish bliss to roam.

My school days came, and they did pass
Like a cloud o'er the sky;
That mother knew they could not last--
I could not reason why.

I unto manhood thus did grow,
And with it came a love
For sinful men, that they might know
That message from above.

Twenty-five years ago, or more,
It was the month of June,
When I stood by that cottage door;
A pang my heart consumed.

That mother stood before my face,
  Her hair was turning gray;
Anxious thoughts on that face I traced
  About her boy that day.

That word "good-bye" I 'll ne'er forget;
  Forced from my lips it came;
My heart was full, my cheeks were wet,
  And her's were just the same.

That mother's heart I know did yearn,
  In secret thus to be.
'Twas a mother's love that did burn,
  I thus could plainly see.

Father and mother have passed away
  Brothers and sisters, too,
Have gone from earth in life's short day.
  Such thoughts are sad, *but true.*

Sweet tho'ts of home, a sweet perfume,
  In them such pleasure find;
Whilst passing years cannot consume
  Such thoughts within my mind.

Their dying blessings came to me
  Yes, one by one they came,
From the far-away o'er the sea
  In life, in death, the same.

THE WHEELS OF TIME.

SILENTLY the wheels of time doth unbar
The gates of future years,
And now the next is standing thus ajar
Till this one disappears.

Those silent wheels of time shall ne'er roll back,
But onward in their course;
In their resistless rounds there is no lack
Of fear or remorse.

Time's stern dial that measures out our space,
In youthful days of yore,
Whatever we gather in life's great race—
One life, one race, no more.

It's God's stern sentinel of all our schemes,
That marks our onward way;
We come and go, like leaves upon the trees,
And fall to earth's decay.

We know that future years are now withheld—
One at a time we snatch;
Be it many or few we have beheld,
They can't forever last.

We go step by step until we pass by—
A truth we don't deny;
Following on our course with joy or sigh,
We live, and that to die.

Night after night the sun's great flaming light
The western sky doth dip,
Tingeing forests with beauty—lovely sight
And hill-tops with love's lip.

We dare not ask the meaning of such speech,
As if our tongues were dumb—
Or on our eye-balls blind they fail to reach—
We let them pass along.

As the years thus roll, ah! what do we see?
Or, in dumb silence led,
And think what is, yea, forever shall be,
Without fear, be it said.

How much there is in this short life, that mars,
Beneath the sky of blue
Where the great orbs revolve, the sun and moon,
Their freedom not debarred.

The years with silent voice doth loudly speak
To mortals here below;
Whilst this day lasts we should earnestly seek
The seed of truth to sow.

The people laugh and make sport of such things
Revealed: *heaven and hell;*
Thus deluded, borne on those silent wings
Whither they cannot tell.

With the wheels of time we are moving hence
Without a single pause;
We allow time to fly, without intent,
To fight a nobler cause.

Eternity has already begun—
He spake and it was done:
"Time shall be no more," and yon setting sun
Its race, like you, shall run.

Like days and weeks and months, our life must pass
Into the great beyond,
To find that God is God—to thee, alas!
Mercy or vengeance *found.*

LIFE'S RACE.

LIFE'S race to run,
Not all for fun;
A crown well won
Brings the "well done."

Life's day is now,
Before it bow;
Give it thy thought,
Spend it for naught.

Day's morning breaks—
Take what it makes;
Early or late,
Always awake.

Life's day a gift,
Thy soul to lift;
Seek life and light
By day, by night.

Life is a day—
What doth it say?
One word to thee:
Wilt thou be free?

Let it not slip
From silent lip;
With daily breath
It speaks of death.

Live while it's day;
Do not delay
Its guiding ray
To endless day.

One at a time,
Not mine or thine.
God sends the day
For thee to pray.

Day at a time
We die or live;
With feet we walk,
By tongue we talk.

Nearer the end
That God doth send;
Thought act must blend—
Now to the end.

We live to die,
And laugh or sigh;
We eat and drink,
Then reach the brink.

Thus pass along,
To death belong;
Not all to die,
The reason why.

We live or die,
Speak truth or lie—
It's how we spend
Life to the end.

Within our reach
God's word doth teach;
His Son he gave
Our souls to save.

From to-morrow
Do not borrow
Moments of grace.
But truth embrace.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

THE present year is now fading
Like autumn's leaf;
Its precious moments are swaying
How short, how brief.
Soon it must close and be no more,
Beyond all time.
Thousands of years have gone before
The present thine.

Fast fading now before thine eyes—
Its days are few;
If thou hast aught to do, arise,
Wait not the new;
It's closing fast, the shadows fall
Haste, no delay;
In death so dies, O hear the call
Turn not away.

Another page has almost closed
Upon thee now;
Its lines are there, by thee composed—
Before them bow;
Thine heart and thoughts composed that life
In texture fair,
Or else it's marred by sin and strife
Deep hidden there.

The blood-stained guilt, or deeds of love
Are there engraved—
That eye hath seen them from above
And there arrayed.
Thy life must fade, and like all time,
Must pass away;
Thy soul must breathe another clime—
Eternity.

One life beyond, one life below,
A sojourn here—
That shalt thou reap, what thou hast sown;
Death may be near.
Upon those waves there is a soul;
O stand amazed!
Eternity, that boundless shore,
Before thee waves.

O think of all who have passed through
Death's solemn gates;
What from their lives doth now ensue?
All their fates.
The present year has borne away
Many a soul;
I might be next, I cannot say—
Death doth control.

THE LABORER'S COTTAGE.

BEHOLD the cottage of the swain,
Monument of his daily gain;
He enters as the sun's last ray
Falls, at the closing of the day.

All work and labor had been done—
He came at even, as the sun
Sinks slowly in the distant west,
And gladly finds his home, to rest.

That humble cottage, it contained
Streams of love and joy unrestrained—
The joy of welcome gladly given,
That home became the gate of heaven.

With loving smiles and deeds so kind,
Sweetly flowing from heart and mind,
Blending together joke and whim,
There voices blend in song and hymn.

Such a home is the sweetest place,
Where love and joy can thus be traced,
With home-like trinkets on the wall—
Tokens of love and gifts from all.

Pleasures for all could there be found,
By love and truth each heart was bound;
That home, the fruits of toil, were saved
A life of joy to Him who gave.

That husband, father, crownly head,
The evening prayer by him was led;
A life so sweet, with love sublime,
Flow'd sweetly down the stream of time.

How blest are all such homes to earth,
Where joy and peace thus blend with mirth;
The greatest blessing God can give,
That families with Him may live.

Such cottage homes are greater far
Than palaces where sin doth mar;
The peace of life, to those therein,
Is marred and spoiled by daily sin.

The gifts and blessings of a home
Cannot be found by those who roam;
Whilst we live we all may share
Foretastes of that home *over there.*

MY MOTHER.

THE dearest name that I have known
Is now no more to me;
All that is mortal hath been borne
To rest, beyond the sea—
My Mother.

The dearest life that I have seen,
As through the world I roam,
The life of Mother, it has been
A blessing to my own—
My Mother.

Although withdrawn, I 'll ne'er forget
Those early scenes of home;
At night when the day's sun was set,
We'd gather round the throne
With Mother.

I've sat for hours at her feet,
As she the Book would take;
It always seemed as if I 'd meet
Beyond the golden gate
With Mother.

I 've often heard a mother's tread
Come to my bed at night;
"God bless my son," in prayer she said,
Whilst bowed in *Israel's might* –
My Mother.

Those lips are sealed, those eyes are closed,
The weary feet at rest;
Within the silent grave enclosed–
Not mine, God's will is best,
Dear Mother.

Her well-known voice shall thrill no more
As in the days of old;
I love her still, my thoughts shall soar
Aloft; by faith behold
My Mother.

To such a life there is no death –
She lives, and still will live;
Within my heart, with my last breath,
Praises to thee I give,
Dear Mother.

THE PASSING YEARS.

ONCE in the years of ages past
There lived on earth, the same as we,
Mortals whose lot had thus been cast
In human moulds, resembling thee.

To thee the places of their birth,
And where they died, may be unknown,
As they have passed from mother earth,
And thou, in turn, survive alone.

We come and go as race by race,
And leave the foot prints of our day;
Races of men can thus be traced,
That held their own environed sway.

The bounding pulse, the beating heart,
Gave life its zest from day to day,
Only to fade and to depart,
In death's cold chambers thus to lay.

Life's day is now, 't will soon be o'er
And all its aspirations fled;
These golden hours will come no more
When thou art numbered with the dead.

Art thou loving, love Him who gave
His life, thus from a Virgin's womb;
He lived, He died, that he might save
Thy life from an eternal doom.

He saw what thou hast never seen—
And felt those pangs of pain for thee;
He went where thou hast never been—
Yet in a moment thou might be.

The years doth roll, blends day with night,
Sun, moon and stars, the earth and main,
Do all exist and teem with life,—
But do they speak to thee in vain?

In life's short day, canst thou not trace
Its own lessons, and thus be wise?
Another life in life's great race
Is fading now, before thine eyes.

Sad if thou hast grown old in sin,
And, like a tree, with age art bent,
To meet the doom that sin must bring
When days of grace have all been spent.

WHERE THE LILIES BLOOMED.

I STOOD where once the lilies bloomed,
But now have faded, one by one;
Beauty and fragrance thus consumed;
Their day and life of influence gone.

Once their tiny buds did unfold
Such rare beauty to human eyes—
Perfected beauty thus untold,
They lived to fade, as nature dies.

Yes, one by one the lilies fade—
Beauty, fragrance doth pass away.
I paused, as in the evening shade,
Where lilies bloomed in life's short day.

Perchance some pilgrim by the way
Has been refreshed by their perfume
Some mortal lips were forced to say:
"How beautiful the lilies bloomed."

May not life, like the lilies, be
By the wayside, where mortals tread,
And live for others, thus to see
Its rare beauty? Thus be it said.

In life's short day it might unfold
Christian graces before it dies,
That some pilgrim might behold
The beauty where the Christ-life shines.

To fill one's place, where'er it be
That providence has thus assigned;
It cannot be where none can see—
Your lonely spot some one will find.

Some pilgrim needs the life we live—
Its inspiration day by day;
It is such lives that God doth give
To inspire others on their way.

WAITING.

HOW sweet the thoughts that come to me,
As I thus daily roam !
I fancy I can almost see
The border-land of Home.

Methinks I see those mansions fair,
So beautiful and bright,
With voices floating on the air,
And visions to my sight.

There is a Heaven not far away;
It comes so very nigh
By dreams and visions night and day—
I 'll see it by and by.

My spirit longs for that bright home,
Where weary ones shall rest;
The waves of time on which it's borne
Go slowly at the best.

Those longings come time and again--
I cannot reason why;
Sometime, I cannot tell just when,
I 'll reach it, by and by.

So many loved ones thus await
Beyond my vision, where
They wait beside the golden gate,
Their joys I almost share.

Whilst rays, as from its golden streets,
And the great Jasper Sea,
Fall on my pathway thus to greet,
Seem beckoning to me.

Just over there how very much
To me just now awaits,
Whose presence I can almost touch,
That are within the gates.

If I could pass within its walls,
See heaven's beauty rare,
Whose *voice* would be the first to call
My name, in language fair?

With many loved ones I would go,
And thus draw near the throne,
With tens of thousands more, when lo!
I would the lamb adore.

RESPONSIBILITY.

I HAVE a life I must defend
From all dangers that will attack;
On human thought much will depend
Upon the wisdom of the act,
But if I do not care to try,
I make the word of God a lie.

Whence came I? is the question asked.
I want some clue, some great ideal,
To work upon—a noble task,
Life and *death:* what more are real—
What is its value—what the cost,
Of life, if it all ends in dross?

"There is no God"—so saith the fool—
On fables, myths, life may be nursed;
Much thus depends upon the school
That gave the germ from which life burst;
Fool-hardy, some men do not care
To reason what beliefs they share.

Intelligence, that master hand
That must instruct, a mortal sir;
With evidence on which to stand
Revealed alone by faith and prayer;
The things of sense reveal the night,
It's faith alone that brings the light.

It's waste of time simply to guess
In building on what is unknown;
By wisdom be ye richly blest,
But self-conceit will ne'er atone
For days of ignorance, the curse—
By it the world is getting worse.

Indifference, the curse that blights,
The truth of God, left to their fate;
It's unbelief that thus doth smite
With heartless and unfeeling hate,
Whilst behind revelation's plan
God thus reveals his will to man.

This world's wisdom the cup they drain,
And from its source they live to shine;
What of the heart—what of the brain -
Unconscious of a Christ divine?
Thus simply grasp things in a dream,
By morning light came not a gleam.

Yea, tell me; is that better far
Than hope inspired by lips that pray?
Faith in God is the only star
That guides us in the better way;
The truth that shines reveals the bliss—
There is a better world than this.

The beyond—the infinite space—
An endless life—an endless day—
The unseen God I thus would trace.
His gentle voice, what doth it say?
"I am the way, the truth, the life,"
In contrast of a hopeless night.

The God who made, made no mistake,
When by his word my life he wrought—
By His command to life awake,
And into being came, unsought;
Like unto God, with wisdom great,
The truth I love, but sin I hate.

How know I if there be no God,
No wisdom? How could I thus learn?
Doth it spring from beneath the sod,
Would you such intelligence spurn?
The earth, the sky, the sea, the air—
Yea, all proclaim "*that God is there.*"

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

WHAT is that upon the open plain?
It looks as if it might have been slain;
Down upon the ground the object fell—
In the fall it found and made its hell.

Poor mortal! Out on the desert wild,
To manhood grown, yet some mother's child;
The enemy's dart has pierced his heart—
In a moment peace did thus depart.

Conscious of guilt, all covered with shame,
A mother's boy, with a mother's name,
He looks around him in hope and fear
To see if some brother might be near.

Once a friend stands near with steadfast gaze;
Their eyes now meet, both are amazed.
Do they help each other? Can it be
From one another in horror flee?

The fallen one, doomed, has been condemned
By one that ought to have been his friend;
He spreads the news, like fire-brands fall,
And the poor sinner, is shunned by all.

With misgivings on account of sin,
He seeks his friends, penitent within;
With cold disdain they welcome him not—
They leave him alone with his sad lot.

Smitten with sin, he did not dare look
For sympathy, for all had foorsook;
No helping hand, as his heart thus craved,
Came to succor, with their help to save.

To desperation he was driven—
A wanderer without a haven;
Looked for sympathy, but could not find
Among all his friends *one* true and kind.

Tried, time and again, as if to rise,
Looking pleadingly to the skies,
But the heavens seemed to him as brass,
Whilst the stain of guilt was *on him cast*.

All thus passed by on the other side;
Left all alone, almost a suicide,
Lay struggling alone in miry clay,
As terrible as the judgment day.

Would a Samaritan come that day,
With his compassion, and pass that way?
One word of cheer, or one kindly act,
Might restore him to his Father back.

Life's *great mission* is to seek and save,
And in one's nature be strong and brave;
Yea, you may find in the path you tread
Needy ones, who need the living bread.

Christ came to save, the sinner receive,
From the lowest depths or vilest deed;
With righteous scorn her accusers faced,
And every sin on her soul *erased*.

"Go sin no more," her rescuer said —
The sin-sick soul was instantly fed;
As I have done, so you do the same —
With helping hand, glorify my name.

"Throw out the life-line" from thine own door —
Listen to their cry, for help implore;
They 're sinking! Hasten! Do not delay!
Save them, or *thou* shalt thy *trust betray*.

THE TWO LOVERS.

"For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall be joined unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh. This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the church."—Eph. 5 ch., 31, 32 v.

GIVE me thine heart and I will give thee mine—
Yea, promise thou to be mine own—
I give thee mine,
So give me thine;
And kisses on lovers' lips are borne—
Thou forever mine, I forever thine.

This heart of mine I give to thee, so true,
And thine own heart must thus be mine;
Two shall be one
When it is done.
And in love's mirror our lives shall shine,
The pledge once given, naught but death consume.

To live all alone is but to be dead—
Dead unto all, except we live
For each other;
A true lover,
Thou to be mine, thou thine heart must give,
And from this hour we promise to be wed.

Thou must not keep thyself away from me—
True friends to be, but never foes;
Union is strength,
With breadth and length;
We will for life share each other's woes,
As we steer our course over life's great sea.

I will be thine, thou shalt be mine, till death;
Secretly pledge each other's love—
It's true and right
In God's own sight,
Silently beholds thus from above—
The words thus spoken with our whispered breath.

Love's token given between me and thee—
The secret kiss upon love's lip,
Unseen, unknown,
To us alone;
On thy finger this ring I will slip—
In it what we have given thou shalt see.

Ever confiding, sweetly abiding,
In one another's love to be,
Now and ever,
Till death sever;
Our wedding day in the future see,
Its own brightness on our pathway shining.

Stay, my loved one, this pledge foreshadows more
To me and thee, as we shall see.
The pledge of love
Came from above—
Christ thus came to give himself for thee,
Wilt thou in turn that great love adore?

It's a great mystery, a mystery great,
Between the bridegroom and the bride;
With each abide,
Thus side by side,
And in His love thus daily abide—
A bond that neither life nor death can break.

RETROSPECTION.

How sweet and how pleasant to look at the past,
If in right moulds our thoughts and actions were cast;
But if life has been spent as if in a dream,
Unblest has been the course of life's flowing stream.

How pleasant to look back on life's early morn,
When life seemed so fragrant, and without a thorn;
How blessed and happy, in seeking a smile—
Whilst seeking and waiting, you trusted awhile.

How pleasant the act, when some gift bestowing,
When heart and impulse with love-deeds o'erflowing,
As we stand in His strength and likeness arrayed,
In the morn of our life, or the evening shade.

How grand and inspiring to take a review
Of life's scenes as they blend, with the old and the new,
When joys and sorrows so often we thus share,
As we look backward in thought that takes us there.

Age and experience both seem to unite
In dwelling on the good, brings joy and delight,;
The more we blend life's scenes with infinite love,
Nearer we are drawn to the mansions above.

How reflective our life, whose image we see
Mirrored on life's memory, always to be—
Through time and eternity never erased—
The footprints of life we can easily trace.

Bitter the anguish as our mind may explore
As we of ourselves may thus open heart's door;
How real and true, as we thus may look in,
Beholding for ourselves our own daily sin.

Or a sense of sweet peace shall soon overflow
As we thus look within our heart's open door,
And there see a guest of infinite love
Abiding therein, brings a peace from above.

IN MEMORY OF DWIGHT L. MOODY.

THE living voice has ceased to speak
To thousands of the living way—
In public halls or on the street
Nevermore an audience sway.

The living tongue, as if on fire
With messages that were divine,
As he thus stood, as God's own seer,
With burning thoughts, in words sublime.

The weary feet are now at rest
From long journeys throughout the world—
Infinite wisdom thought it best
To take, and like a banner furled.

That loving heart doth beat no more—
In the cold breast it rests, so still;
He now his God does thus adore,
And heaven's joy his soul doth fill.

Those loving hands, outstretch'd so long,
T'wards sinful men, where'er he roamed,
Now helpless, whilst to death belong,
As they shall be outstretch'd *no more*.

Not in buildings that bear his name,
By personal gifts that he received;
He lives enshrined in nobler fame
Within the hearts of those he saved.

Servant of God, life's work well done,
Thou art called home: from labor rest;
Calm was thy setting, like the sun—
In glory grand from east to west.

A prophet true, sent forth from God,
Noble servant of God's own son—
The body rests beneath the sod,
His soul thus claims what life had won.

That household name can never die
Whilst the years in succession pass;
"All flesh is grass," the voice doth cry
Whilst life and earthly beings last.

A man of God, so pure and rare
He lived, not he, *but Christ in him*,
That made his life so grand and fair—
Unselfish love came from within.

THE LORD DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.

THERE are joys that we may not yet have reached
Whilst in the valley below;
There are summits of peace God's word doth teach,
That even a child may know.

Whilst treading in the valley our thoughts may rise,
Surrounded by mountains high;
By faith we 'll survey them with joyful eyes
To bring down those summits nigh.

At times we forget God's mercy and love.
And scan those mountains with fear,
Whilst we should rise on the wings of a dove
To bring the far-distant near.

The earth is composed of valleys and hills—
In wisdom He brought them forth;
The beauty of earth our very soul fills
With pleasure and not with wrath.

The mountains appear, but faith shall prevail,
To bring down those summits high;
By faith they dissolve and all is made plain,
To assuage the mourner's sigh.

Despair we should not, but by faith make bold
To follow his guiding hand
O'er rugged rocks or dreary plains untold,
Though numerous as the sands.

Sometimes we murmur and would turn our face
In search of a smoother path;
It 's not for mortal erring man to trace
Wisdom which the Father hath.

May we display submission to His will,
Nor question His righteous ways;
Let wisdom's guiding hand our souls enthrill
Throughout our remaining days.

May we a child-like spirit thus display
The beauty of grace divine,
That day by day within our souls one ray
Of celestial light may shine.

Trust and believe his ways are right and just—
On his word securely dwell;
May we always possess a child-like trust
The Lord hath done all things well.

* PARTINGS.

PARTINGS, one by one they come to meet thee,
And clouds of darkness doth o'ercast thy sky,
The great "I Am" still abiding with thee
Where'er thou sleep, wake or lie—
Only trust Him,
This great sorrow comes thy faith to try.

Only trust Him: care not for the morrow,
Even if thy cup of grief doth o'erflow;
Trials and sorrow seek not to borrow—
Be not hasty, nor too slow;
Only trust Him,
In trying hours He will not let thee go.

Thy father is not, now thy mother's loss
Press sore, thine heart in bitterness o'erflows;
Hope long cherished now like an anchor lost
In the tide of swelling woes;
Only trust Him—
In love He guides thy way—He knows, He knows.

A loving Father's hand doth hold thee still,
In valleys deep, where thou in silence weep;
He will wipe away thy tears, and will fill
Thine heart with joy; thou shalt meet.
Only trust Him—
He will bring thee safe to them, *at His feet.*

* The above was written on the death of Mrs. Davies's mother.

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

ONCE a mortal met face to face,
As he would meet some earthly friend;
It was himself that he thus traced
In those moments, his aid to lend.

His soul plead in an earnest tone—
It was the truth thus forced right home;
Convinced he was, I 'm not alone,
Whilst through this world he daily roamed.

Thoughts were awakened on that night
So strange they seemed, yet they were true;
Silently plead for what was right,
A righteous cause, the man well knew.

It plead for life, with good intent,
He felt the truth: he was condemned;
On sin and shame he was thus bent
His soul to ruin he would send.

By God united in the womb—
Forever thus united be;
That union nothing can consume,
God's truth revealed was not a dream.

That night something thus came between
The two, as they together dwelt;
Divorced, they did by nature seem,
The lawful rights he thus withheld.

The contract closed, around a wall—
They were imprisoned to their fate;
Regardless he to his soul's call,
And to their eternal doom await.

Vain mortal, foolishly had he sold
His soul for pleasures here below—
Bartered his soul for sordid gold,
That down to their doom they might go.

His soul thus fell beneath his feet—
An awful thought, a selfish whim
To thus exist, never to meet
As friends; the barrier his sin.

A traitor he. No reason why?
Betray his soul away from God,
He turns the truth into a lie,
As if his soul were but a clod.

What a strange being is a man,
Void of reason as he can be—
Plunge into sin, that he might damn
Body and Soul in such a sea.

Reason dethroned it cannot be,
Through love of sin he cannot see
His doom, or else on bended knee
Would seek to hide, *O Lord, in thee!*

THE EVENING HOUR.

THE quiet hour, the evening's hush,
Just at the close of day,
When cares of life have ceased to rush
The heart and mind away
From quiet things,
From whence life's sweet pleasures spring.

When nature's calmness is aglow,
And everything seems bright
Yea, whilst the sun is sinking low,
New scenes appear to sight;
In visions fair,
Those quiet moments I love to share.

The sweetest joy thus comes to me,
As I thus draw aside
From worldly cares, thus to be free,
Sweet pleasures thus abide
Within my soul—
Heavenly thoughts sweetly control.

The sky above, the earth beneath —
They seem to blend in one;
An unseen hand brings forth a wreath,
To which my heart responds
In thoughts sublime,
With faith, hope and love entwined.

God thus draws near, with silent tread,
Unseen, but not unfelt;
On manna sweet my soul thus fed—
On bended knee I knelt,
For God was there;
His presence came I thus did share.

As in olden time, God thus speaks
At eventide, is found
By every soul that humbly seeks,
On consecrated ground,
The burning bush,
In the quiet evening's hush.

WHEN THE DAY CLOSES.

WHEN the day closes, and all is still,
And the traffic on the streets has ceased;
When night shadows fall o'er vale and hill,
Rest draweth near to man and beast.

Nature thus speaks with its silent voice,
Ye sons of toil, from your labor rest.
Blessed the man who makes home his choice,
Like the bird on the wing *seeks its nest.*

Peaceful the heavens, at night they seem,
As they spread out in silent array,
With stars as guards, in silvery sheen,
From evening's gloom till the dawn of day.

How sweet is the rest that comes with night
To the homes that are bowered in love;
This world affords many pleasing sights,
Reflecting the spirit of a dove.

When life's day closes and all is still,
The pulsation of my heart has ceased;
When death's cold hand, with its icy chill,
My soul from this body been released.

This life has been so real and true,
A daily blending with things unseen;
Not life nor death can my hope consume,
Whilst the promise of God intervene.

How bright the promise to me doth seem,
Like stars in their brilliant array;
Hope, like bright stars in silvery sheen,
Shine on, till the resurrection day.

LOVE.

NONE can describe that love,
That priceless love, that Jesus pledged for me;
He left his home above,
To suffer and to die for one like me.

Upon that cross I gaze,
And on that sacred head, in grief I see
Those wounds, I stand amazed —
That crown and scarlet robe *he wore for me.*

Sorrow unknown assailed
My dying Lord, his soul o'erwhelmed in woes;
On Christ, my Lord, they railed —
Those cruel mockings by his bitter foes.

My Lord was crucified
With the vile upon the accursed tree,
And bowed his head and died
The death upon that cross *for one like me.*

Himself he came to give
Those bound by sin, the heavy laden, rest;
He bids the sinner live
And rest in peace forever on his breast.

In him alone I 've peace —
The peace that flows through his undying love;
And saved from sin by grace,
By grace through faith, I am a child of God.

But for redeeming grace,
I know I never should in rapture see
The glory of his face,
That once was veiled in grief and shame for me

O love beyond compare,
Be thou my praise till I thy glory see,
Till I thy glory share,
For this I know, that thou didst die for me.

I love thee, O my Lord,
For thine unchanging, undying love;
Let mine with thine accord,
A ransomed soul to swell thy praise above.

Loving, for God is love
The eternal source, the eternal spring;
Thus all heaven is love,
With loving praise shall heaven's arches ring.

Eternal and divine,
That matchless love eternally shall flow,
As long as I am thine;
"All mine are thine," and I will thee adore.

It is love abiding,
Love adoring, now and forevermore;
Thus in Christ confiding,
In Him, through Him, I will my God adore.

LIFE'S PURPOSE.

How much in life that doth enthrall,
Inviting to unrest,
Alluring things that prompt the will,
In turmoil seeking rest.
Onward they rush with eager haste,
Seeking some unknown resting place.

Why rush along, so often said,
On life's uneven way?
By some motive to be thus led
Blindly, they dare not say—
Upon whose path falls not a gleam,
An uncertainty stands between.

Life gathers to itself a force
Entirely its own,
Moulding its own uneven course,
To destiny is borne,
Held underneath environed sway,
Its mandates strictly to obey.

But what of life: doth it soar?
Or by some weight is bent?
No nobler action to adōre
The course on which it went,
Blind unbelief can never see
What is to come, or what may be.

Amid confusion, toil and care,
Can give no earnest thought
For joys supreme or place to share,
Because they were not sought;
Instead of drifting down the stream,
Making life but a passing dream,

We live to die—no reason why
We should not die to live;
Success thus comes to those who try,
And help divine receive;
From Him thus draw the strength you need—
It is to-day you might succeed.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

What is doubt?
Void of intellect: supremely grand
To know, believe, yea, to understand;
Life's mysteries blending all about,
God's own creation without a doubt—
Divinely grand
To understand—
Without a doubt my soul to thrill,
With light and knowledge thus to fill.

What is sight?
Not mountain peaks, those I daily see;
But their foundations to be upheaved,
To see things unseen, as in a flash—
Mighty orbs beneath, above, how vast—
Divinely grand
To understand.
To mortal sight might come the light
That giveth light to mortal sight.

What is trust?
To rest like mountains upon their beds;
In storm or calm their own shadow spreads
Like a mantle o'er the dreary plain.
They stand in grandeur, their peace maintain—
Divinely grand
To understand
Lessons of trust those mountains teach,
Silent and dumb, to mortals preach.

What is truth?
What is the sun? Do I understand
Its language, or strength of flaming brands?
Or ocean beds that lie fathoms deep,
Infinite silence, thus loudly speak;
Divinely grand
To understand,
Without a doubt my mind to fill—
With such a truth my soul enthrill.

What is faith?
To believe; to see God's finger there;
Infinite wisdom I may thus share,
Unrivalled mystery thus inspires
Belief in God, kindling desires
Divinely grand,
To understand
God's touch on everything that stands,
So near by, or in distant lands.

What is light?
Illuminating gleams from whose source,
Dispelling darkness through its course,
Silent, yet strong, giving light to all,
Those ethereal gleams from God doth fall.
Divinely grand
To understand
The power of light, beaming bright!
God hath spoken: "Let there be light."

WHERE, O WHERE?

WHERE is the spring-time, the beautiful spring,
That made our hearts with such gladness ring?
Where are the showers of the spring-time rain,
That fell from the clouds, in showers it came;
Dropping and dancing, merry the sound,
Pouring from eaves in streams to the ground?
It has disappeared; what good hath it done,
So parched is the earth, away it has gone.

Where is the summer, with days long and warm,
And its thunder storms, that filled with alarm?
Where are the fields, loaded with golden grain,
And all the song-birds found in field and lane?
Where are the summer fruits the trees did bear,
With all the sweet joys of autumn so rare?
All silently past; no, nothing remains—
It's impossible to always retain.

Where is the winter, that came with King Frost?
It has disappeared, its tokens all lost;
In spiral beauty long icicles made
With fantastic gems on the window pane,
Beautiful frostings in silence arrayed,
The rippling water was silently stay'd;
By genial rays, from the spring-time sun,
The work of King Frost was once more undone.

Where are the drifts of the beautiful snow,
That blocked all the roads a short time ago;
The ground all covered with beautiful white,
That fell in the night, so softly and light?
It lay all around, glistening and bright,
But now it has gone clear out of our sight;
We look all around, not a vestige remains
Upon the housetop, in the fields or lanes.

Where are the *women*, and where are the *men* —
We ask the question *again* and *again;*
O where are the *girls*, and where are the *boys?*
Be up and doing, but don't make a noise;
It's silent service of heroic deeds,
Integrity of soul that grandly leads;
For all such powers there is ample room —
Be up and doing, you pass away soon.

Waste not your life in moments of despair—
Crosses and trials may be hard to bear;
Hope may seem vain, but be patient and still,
Take hold of life's task with a strength of will;
What you undertake faithfully fulfill—
Life to the finish, is your life-work *still.*
Come, give to the world your best endeavor—
Cowardly retreat, *never, no, never.*

Ever and ever, things will soon sever,
In spite of your will or best endeavor;
Life will disappear, just like melted snow.
But once in awhile things go wrong and slow
Some seeds that we sow take longer to grow;
Our joys and sorrows, where do they all go?
But what of your lives? Something will remain—
Memory will live, forgotten is pain.

Nothing in this world is forever lost,
Be it winter, summer, snow or keen frost;
Everything that comes in season to earth,
In wisdom given the time of its birth,
Whatever it be, be it loss or gain,
At some future time will come back again.
The seasons exist; they all do some good:
So with us mortals, *if we only would.*

THE NEW BIRTH.

"Marvel not that I say unto thee, Ye must be born again."—John 3 ch., 7 v.

I SAT and mused, with thoughts within
My heart; each thought was stained by sin.
"Why came I thus upon this sphere,
Like some coward in constant fear?"

Where'er I be, where'er I stand—
In valleys deep, or mountain land,
At early morn, or midnight drear—
My soul aflame with constant fear."

From childhood days those fears began,
Storm clouds my pathway thus did span,
I knew not what they would unfold,
In constant dread I did behold.

A sin-cursed world I thus did find
With evil tendencies combined;
To go astray, yea, cursed of God,
I lived in fear beneath the rod.

Not I, but sin, that God did hate,
Whilst he in love did thus await,
That I a victory might win
And thus o'ercome that dread of sin.

A victory! How strange it seemed—
Deceptive, like a midnight dream!
In a moment I did awake,
As if some friend to me did spake.

Whilst beset with besetting sin,
A thought arose from depths within.
I turned, another path I trod,
To find I thus communed with God.

I became a judge just and wise;
It was a truth not in disguise,
To discern between right and wrong.
I thus to God, through Christ, belong.

'T was a new birth, sublime, divine,
I thus possessed; I knew 't was mine.
The mystery I could not understand
To me appeared divinely grand.

I thanked my God for wisdom great.
From such a source he could create
Life, a life thus excelling far
The glory of the morning star.

Angels in heaven stand amazed
Whilst on redemption's plan they gaze.
My God adore, I fill a place
Where angel feet wouldn't dare to trace.

LIFE'S MISSION.

WHAT is my being, birth and state?
Are they weak or substantial things?
Do they not tend to draw my fate
That is coming on silent wings
In its own time?
Not thine, but mine,
When I shall slumber in the grave
That has been made by pick and spade.

This life is one great battle-field,
Where proud laurels are lost and won;
Manhood's honor we must not yield
In life's conflict of noise and din.
Early or late
We seal our fate.
By words and deeds, or silent breath,
We seal our fate to life or death.

What seekest thou for thine own brow?
Garlands wove from noxious weeds,
Or something far more glorious—
A crown of life victorious,
Given to him
Who lives to win
A place amongst the wise and just,
Whose glory mingles not with dust.

Some men with pen their fame secure,
As for the right they stand like men;
Others with hoe their toil endure
From early morn to the time when
The sun doth set
Down in the west.
In his silent toil he doth preach
Wisdom beyond some mortals' reach.

Some men with tongues of anger fight
To gain their little selfish end,
Whilst others sing from morn till night,
Sweetness with song doth sweetly blend,
Grand and sublime
Throughout all time,
An inspiration to the rest,
Their every thought and action blest.

This present life, a real thing,
Its identity never lost,
Impelling motives to the wing,
We are living, but at what cost
Of act or thought
By life thus wrought
In texture fair, a life sublime,
Or spoiled by sin. *Which life is thine?*

A VISIT TO THE CEMETERY.

I ENTERED through the gates, within those sacred walls,
And trod that lonely path, a scene so solemn falls;
Without warning given, and yet no inward dread,
I feel as if I stand amongst the sleeping dead,
For there they lie.

The business of the day had passed, and eventide
Came on. I was alone, with death on every side.
A silvery ray of light came through the clouds and shone
Upon those stones. "In Memory," one by one
I passed them by.

A school of thought is there, although it's fathoms deep,
O'er every grave some one has been brought to weep;
Each grave retains its history, at last to tell
There is a life confined in every narrow cell
Beneath the ground.

A solemn thought steals o'er the mind, when brought to rest
Upon those grassy mounds that cover ev'ry breast;
Their heads laid low, there is now no distinction made
By death, in its triumphant arms all are laid,
For there they lie.

The saints of God are there, and sinners dwell at ease
Beneath those blades of grass that sway beneath the breeze
Of summer's eve, peaceful and calm; no, not a sound
Resounds within those vaults of death, beneath the ground.
In slumber lie.

Their names are there, inscribed upon tablets of stone,
I may read, yet unto me they are all unknown.
Not so with God. His eye doth guard the sleeping dust—
He knows each one, and all that placed in him their trust,
Whilst there they lie.

Some are there without a stone, and I could not tell,
But for the mound, that some one did earth's bosom swell,
Only a grave, they say, but ah! I cannot trace
Those lives, they may have run the heavenward race:
I passed them by.

Age after age is placed within the narrow cell,
A place thus appointed for each, for all to dwell;
Only for a season shall the cold earth enclose—
Until the trumpet's blast shall break their long repose
Beneath the ground.

They shall awake ; the sleeping dust shall then arise
From earth's embrace and stand amidst the flaming skies;
The earth shall shake, and hearts shall quake with anguish sore,
For it shall then have been proclaimed, "Time is no more,"
When they arise.

I shall be there, and at the call I must arise
To meet my Judge upon his throne with glad surprise,
Or stand condemned before that throne, no refuge near
To shield my soul from wrath, judgment to fear,
When I arise.

O solemn thought, to stand within these walls with death,
Whilst words so solemn fall, hear what the Scripture saith:
"They shall all come forth," all that are within those graves,
And over every one judgment or mercy waves.
For there they lie.

So it is now; so it shall be unto the end.
O Lord, unto my cry do thou in mercy lend
Thine ear, that when I take my place beneath the sod,
May my soul, through Christ's blood, be found to dwell with God,
When I arise.

HARVEST.

HARVEST is past, the bearded grain has been gathered home,
The joyous song of harvest by maidens has been borne,
Reapers have come and gone, and the golden harvest o'er,
Golden sheaves have been gathered amidst the yeoman's roar.

Yea, all the fruits of earth have been safely gathered in,
The wheat is in the garner, filled to the topmost brim;
Whilst orchard fruits were gathered, and all are safe in store—
Gathered in abundance upon the store-house floor.

To thee, O man, the earth her abundant increase yields—
Unto thee an hundred fold, now gathered from thy fields;
The earth to thee of her yearly increase doth unfold,
And upon each stem and blade of grass were gems of gold.

Harvest is past, which giveth rest to the fruitful field,
After the labor to bring forth an abundant yield;
Thus all verdure with its beauty doth fade and decay.
Till every vestige of the summer must pass away.

Autumn's tints are pressed upon the richly laden vines,
Their own beauty is interchanged with the forest pines;
Thus gladness reigns underneath the autumn's shadowy
wings,—
With joy behold the giver of all, the King of Kings.

O solemn thought, slothful in soul, thy harvest is past,
Thou hast gathered nothing in store, then want comes at
last;
Impoverished and forsaken, wantonness shall yield
Disappointment, thou shalt reap on the waste and barren
field.

THE PRINCE OF ISRAEL.

It 's the "Prince of Peace," and the earth's most mighty king.
Multitudes thronged his way, their loud hosannas ring;
It's heaven's born prince, he goes on his triumphant way,
He comes with kingly power, and with a monarch's sway.
Hosanna to the Son of David!

He moves that ancient city as never moved before,
Rulers were sore displeased, and vexed with anguish sore;
That mighty Prince no honors from the self-righteous craved,
He received loyal gifts from those who freely gave.
Hosanna to the Son of David!

Multitudes came and laid their garments in his way,
And strewed the trodden pathway with colors fair and gay;
The poor man had no garment to lay down as his gift,
Yet brought branches cut down from the trees, strewed therewith.
Hosanna to the Son of David!

They sought to honor; by their gifts, the Prince of Peace.
Onward they came, as they came their joyous song increased;
It knew no bounds, like some great mighty thunder's roar,
A joyous song of triumph that echoed on before.
Hosanna to the Son of David!

Loud in their praise, by their deeds they acknowledged thus—
In joyous accord they said in truth, "This is Jesus."
May I a loyal witness be to Him who came,
And by my faith and deeds of love joyously exclaim,
Hosanna to the Son of David!

UNFOLDING.

LEAF by leaf tender buds unfold,
In silent mystery untold—
A living force doth burst their cell,
Into life they came, thus to dwell.

Leaf by leaf unfolds; but to fall—
The doom is written over all;
They clothe anew the leafless tree
And live to fade, and *so do we.*

At early morn the day unfolds,
Bringing messages still untold;
Our waking thoughts from slumber rise,
That touches what may yet surprise.

Each day of life is but a leaf
That comes and goes, alas, how brief!
For a purpose they do unfold
Into life, and we soon grow old.

Each life a leaf, so soon to fade—
With all its beauty, fades away,
Thus to blend with crumbling clay,
That seems to end life's earthly day.

To what purpose the life we live?
Not all to live, but what we give;
A life of service is the best—
With God the giver leave the rest.

It's only just to fill one's place,
And Life's great problem thus to trace—
Each day a gift that may unfold
Graces like jewels *set in gold.*

The day of life will soon be past,
Its destiny forever cast;
To what purpose doth life unfold
Life's great secret, *by what controlled?*

*CHRISTMAS AT THE OLD HOME.

Is it well with the loved ones at home?
Ever near to my heart do they seem;
My love unto them is often borne
In a message by mail o'er the sea.

What changes have been wrought over there,
In that far away home o'er the sea?
What bitterness of sorrow and care
Comes in tender epistles to me.

The glad tidings of Christmas returns,
But what pangs will it bring to their hearts?
For their love to a loved one still burns,
So recently divided apart.

Yes, one less at the table 't will seem,
And a chair will stand vacant and lone—
No voice, nor a face like a sunbeam,
For the old folks in solitude mourn.

* This was written after the death of my sister, who had lived at home until the day of her death, and the old folks were left all alone.

Yes, the dear old parents are at home,
Not a child of their own do they greet,
As the days of the past, often borne,
On their lips "Merry Christmas," how sweet!

I 'm away from that home over there;
In the morning, at noon and at night
I breathe from my lips for them a prayer;
Those loved ones are not lost to my sight.

Something prompts me this evening to take
My pen; a voice thus whispers: "Write home
A letter of comfort for their sake,
This Christmas they feel so sad and lone."

It's the promptings of love in the breast,
The prompting of an impulse divine;
In spirit I will go as their guest,
And my letter like a sunbeam shine.

This may be the last Christmas for them,
In the journey of life they may see;
That home *never more* will be home, when
There is only just one left—that's me.

That home has been so real and true;
Its memories I 'll never forget;
I hope somewhere again to renew,
After my sun on this sphere has set.

THE DYING BABE.

OUR dear little babe is sinking,
Mother 's weeping;
Troubled hearts are filled with sighing—
Babe is dying;
Many eyes are filled with tears,
Through many fears;
The little life is ebbing fast—
Death comes at last.

Death's hand is seen, it cannot stay,
It takes away;
That mother's heart doth throb with grief
With no relief—
The parent's joy is torn away;
Death's had its sway;
The little form is left behind
A grave to find.

The blinds are drawn, a gloomy shade
Doth all invade;
Footprints of death are thus made bold,
Sorrow untold;
"Silence, silence," Death seems to say,
"Abides to-day."
The footsteps fall with gentle tread—
The babe is dead.

Smiles of joy are changed into gloom,
The cot, the tomb;
Filled with the presence of the dead,
In sorrow led,
Vacant space on that mother's breast,
Where babe did rest,
Those loving arms may clasp the mould.
Alas! it 's cold.

The outward form is there alone,
Its fragrance gone,
The eyes are closed as if in sleep;
Through grief they weep—
"My child, my child!" that mother cries;
Before her lies
Their infant babe, in death so sweet—
The parents weep.

Weep not for her, but stay your grief
And find relief;
Gaze upward through your weeping eyes,
Beyond the skies—
Downward into the narrow cell.
Our babe, farewell;
No voice, no sound, the grave doth give—
Our babe receive.

The earth shall shield that infant form
From sin and scorn;
No troubled wave shall cross its breast—
Our babe shall rest.
Our babe doth live beyond the skies,
The body dies.
We 'll strive to gain that other shore,
To part no more.

SYNONYMOUS.

THROUGH winter months the barren field so bare
Had laid long its own barrenness to share—
Devoid of all life and rich verdure fair,
Desolation and death to it compare.

The cattle, in their anxious search for food,
Beheld the barrenness that thus ensued;
With their eager eyes and with bated breath,
Fled from the scene as desolate *as death.*

Through winter months it lay a dreary waste
And from it man and beast did turn with haste;
From north to south and from east to west
Death all around those silent realms did rest.

The spring-time came, and with its azure skies
Soon that field would become a paradise;
Whilst showers made the living waters flow,
And the plowman went forth in hope to sow.

With his heavy steps and his sturdy stride,
He traveled over its surface broad and wide,
And with the plow he made those furrows deep
Before he could expect an harvest reap.

By faith he sowed with a liberal hand
Seed o'er all that broad acreage of land;
The scene was changed into a fruitful field.
Of golden grain, at harvest it would yield.

Harvest came, and it was the same strong hand
Went forth to reap, o'er that same piece of land;
Ripened sheaves he bound with a golden band—
The shade thereof like the glittering sand.

'T was the joy of harvest, a sweet refrain,
A full reward for all his toil and pain;
It thus returned to him an hundred fold,
Thus filling his purse with silver and gold.

Like the gentle touch of some friendly hand,
It thus brought joy within that household band;
That father, mother, and the children dear—
With firm trust in God, what had they to fear?

Thus the seasons came and the seasons passed—
'Twas sowing and reaping whilst life did last—
Daily duties done without undue haste,
Whilst nothing was allowed to run to waste.

From childhood to manhood the children grew,
The lasses' lovers came, and they withdrew
From the home circle, until none was left,
The old folks of children *were thus bereft.*

But the children's children came one by one,
When the old folks' toiling was *almost done;*
Their well-wrought lives had thus been greatly blest;
God whispered: "Well done; from your labors rest."

But what of those whose life a field *so bare*
None of God's blessing they desired to share?
Desolate and bereft of all that's fair,
Unto a barren field their lives compare.

Blessings and mercies had thus run to waste,
Whilst ruin and death came bounding with haste,
Fruits of the seed they had sown within
Their hearts, they at last reaped the fruits of sin.

Opportunities had passed, one by one;
They had been neglected—life's work undone.
Such ill-spent lives, to the very last breath,
So sad! What now awaits? *Eternal death.*

THE OLD YEAR SLOWLY DYING.

"For ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good."—Mark. 14:7.

DEEP lie the winter's snows
On city streets, through country glens —
O'er all the cold wind blows;
Here and there a traveler wends
His way on that cold night
To firesides warm, where scenes are bright,
Whilst the wind was sighing
And the old year slowly dying.

So bleak and cold that night!
Its chilly blast so sharp and keen—
Went sweeping in its might,
Piling snow-drifts higher just between
The homes with their joyful glow;
They had no fear of wind or snow,
Whilst the storm was vying
And the old year slowly dying.

O'er the homes of the poor
It raged in greater strength and might;
Dwellings were insecure,
Where fierce the conflict on that night,
Fires low, and thinly clad;
Cold and hunger was all they had—
Human hearts are sighing,
And the old year slowly dying.

"I am cold," said one voice,
"I am hungry," another chimed;
And pale, worn cheeks were moist.
Trials great noble hearts did bind
With want and lack of bread;
That night a mother's tears were shed—
Her sad heart was sighing,
And the old year slowly dying.

Fiercer grew the gale,
Whilst darker still the fire-glow burned;
Again that same sad wail,
"I am so cold." None could discern
The need but that mother,
Who robbed herself thus to cover
Her offspring, with a sigh,
As she lay down, herself, to die.

"I'm hungry," cold lips spake,
They echoed faintly through the room;
No hand the food did take,
Cold and hunger those lives consumed.
"Ye have the poor with you,"
Said He. His word, how sad, but true,
When the cold wind doth blow,
Think of the poor, close by your door.

At last the daylight broke
O'er city streets and country glen,
And many thus awoke;
" Happy New Year! " their voices blend,
As with bright smiles they gazed
On those snow-drifts the storm had raised ;
Protected through the night,
Now hailed the " New Year " with delight.

Yes, just across the way,
In that home by the drifted snow,
Dawned the same " New Year" day
That would reveal a scene of woe.
Mother and children lay
Unconscious of that " New Year Day";
In the home where they dwelt
The frozen pangs of *death had felt.*

Wherever life be cast,
May we perform some noble deed,
For life is ebbing fast.
In fruitful soil thus sow your seed—
Help the poor in their need,
"And ye have done it unto me."
Go when the wind is sighing,
Clothe the naked, watch the dying.

This year may be our last,
And with it we may also die.
Allow it not to pass ;
You can help some one, if you try—
Fill some poor heart with joy;
Your talents use in sweet employ,
Life is a blessed thing,
If out of it *some good doth spring.*

THE COMING STORM.

THE angry clouds do gather fast, and indications given,
A storm is near: behold it comes, with angry tempest driven;
An angry sky, the darkened clouds, the thunder's roaring peal,
The lightning flash, the sweeping storm—we cannot help but feel
That God is near.

He rides upon the wings of wind, at his command it comes;
God rules above, and on the earth, within the raging storms;
His power alone can then be seen, as we in awe behold,
In majesty, yet in power, the storm by him controlled,
For God is near.

Nearer it comes, and darker grows, as in the vault of night;
The thunder's peal, the lightning flash, true emblems of his might;
And forests bow their spired heads beneath the storm that reigns,
As if to say, Ride over all, majestic in its train,
When God is near.

L. of C.

The storm is past, the clouds withdraw, and sunbeam's
smiling ray
Beams once again upon the earth, with rain-drops spark-
ling gay,
Birds join again into a song beneath the brightened sky,
The earth refreshed—all seem to say, with one united cry,
That God is near.

The storms of life are passing, too; dark clouds do gather
round,
Obscure our path, all light withdrawn, no pleasure can
be found;
Yet in the midst such trials trust in Him who rules on
high—
Thy sweetest thought be ever this, to break the troubled
sigh,
That Christ is near.

The greatest storm is yet to pass; art thou prepared to see
Those angry waves of death invade thyself, thy spirit
free?
Prepare thyself before it comes, the only refuge seek;
Then in the midst the storm of death thou hast a safe
retreat,
With Christ so near.

The storm shall pass, the clouds withdraw, the sunbeam's
smiling ray
Shall shine on thee and never set, through life's eternal
day.
Rapturous song by heaven's throng, beyond a stormy sky;
Alleluiah, thy song shall be, in one triumphant cry,
When Christ is near.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Amidst pleasures and cares I often do roam,
I find in those journeys no place like my home—
As duty may call me to go here and there,
The sweet comforts of home I find not elsewhere.

Its sympathy and love I seek for in vain,
Until I return to my home once again;
The world may allure, and its pleasures may call,
But the comforts of home outweighs them all.

Impressive the scenes, on my mind and my heart,
They throb, as it were, like great statues of art;
Its voices by day, or its slumbers by night,
Scenes of the home circle, are filled with delight.

The cribs where my children lie snug and so warm—
Refuge for the wee ones, where nothing can harm;
I often go in as they rest in their sleep,
And pray the dear Father their slumbers to keep.

Each one like a jewel designed for a place,
The joy of my heart is the sight of each face;
Those longings of heart, as I from them may roam,
Awakens deep yearnings for my home, sweet home.

When the brood is all grown their presence shall fly,
Like birds of the air, between earth and the sky;
As birds from their nest, yes, away they shall go,
With tho'ts buried deep, there is no place like home.

Home life, like a vision, must come to an end—
Some day the messenger of death shall descend;
The links shall be broken, its light shall be spent,
Like a garment once whole, *in twain shall be rent*.

First one, then another, must pass on before—
The accents of voices be heard nevermore,
But those that are left, as they daily shall roam,
Shall fancy sweet fancies of the dear old home.

From the depths of my soul, I wish we may meet
In the far-away home, each other to greet;
The song from each lip and the joy of each heart
Shall arise from the thought *no more* we shall part.

Some wee little trinket stares me in the face,
The ownership thereof no longer I trace,
While tear-drops start and the heart is made sad,
But home shall be home when we meet and are glad.

THE BETTER WAY.

HOW many paths in life there be to lead one soul astray!
One there is, and only one, that leads the narrow way.
Stay, my soul, which shalt thou take, before thy race be run?
Shalt thou choose the broadest path, thou art a wretch undone.

One presents a joyous life, in what the world calls good.
Wisdom *calls* for thee to choose the right and narrow road.
Joys forever bright and fair, and all true pleasures find,
Enter thou the straightest gate and leave the world behind.

Count the cost and make thy choice, the present hour employ—
Choose the good and seal thy vow, let not the world decoy;
Drink the bitter, then the sweet shall follow in its sway—
Joys triumphant to behold in everlasting day.

Things now seen must pass away, and all things seemed forgot,
Take the Word to be thy guide, His word shall *fail thee not.*
Shun the road that leads to death, heed not its pleasant voice,
Let thy conscience only speak, *I've made a wiser choice.*

MARY'S VISIT TO THE SEPULCHRE.

It was dark whilst Mary pressed her lonely way
Before the gleam that comes just at dawn of day;
Her anxious heart had throbbed through that anxious night,
She could not wait until the dawn for morning light;
Her own heart touched with a tenderness divine,
And love with a fervency did brightly shine.

With throbbing heart to the silent tomb she pressed,
Carrying doubts and fears within her breast;
Each step brought her nearer to that lonely tomb;
With feelings like fiery flames her heart consumed.
As she in her great anxiety drew near,
The stone was rolled away, filling her mind with fear.

She carried precious spices, thus to anoint
With its perfume the dead body of her King.
Whilst to the sepulchre she was returning,
Lo! a sudden fear burst forth, it was burning
Within her breast: her Lord's body was not there—
He those sepulchre walls now no longer share.

It was the living Christ that did await her,
On that resurrection morn, his joy to share—
To the tomb she came to anoint, not the dead,
He had already risen, as he had said;
A few more silent steps and she would thus meet
The risen Lord, that she in the tomb would seek.

Whilst anxious thoughts upon her mind reposes,
As her final journey to the tomb thus closes,
To test her faith that empty tomb so trying,
With longings deep for her Lord she was sighing;
That body had become to her heart so dear—
No longer there, *that tomb*, so dark, lone and drear.

As she thus stood speechless, with wonder gazing
Into that dark, lone tomb, yet without tracing
What had taken place during that long, long night,
Behold the risen Lord appeared to her sight
In living form, but her weeping eyes were dim;
She did not discern *that he* who spake *was him*

"O woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?"
Fell upon her ear, as she in grief did bow.
"If thou hast borne him hence," to him did say,
"Tell me where, and I will now take him away."
Ah, troubled soul, look upward and thou shalt see
Who it is that is speaking thus to thee.

Once more that gentle voice, like music stealing,
Thrill'd her soul once more with such a sacred feeling.
"Mary," he said, in calmness, thus appealing,
"Touch me not," her wondering heart enthrilling.
It was the Lord that had spoken unto her,
And she in rapture a risen Lord did share.

THE NOBLE KNIGHT.

BRAVE was the old-time knight,
Equipped for any field,
His name a pledge to fight
With spear and sword and shield.

In manhood he was strong,
His heart so brave and true;
He to the knight belonged,
Whatever might ensue.

He had an arm of strength
That dealt its deadly blow,
His honor was his wealth,
Foes he did overthrow.

Brave were those knights of old—
They fought as men should fight,
With courage strong and bold,
In warfare for the right.

Within their castle walls
They kept their armor bright,
Ready at every call
To go forth to the fight.

Such men in every age
Are needed in their day,
Ready to thus engage
Their powers in the fray.

Knights powerful and strong,
Fearless of any foe,
To knighthood they belonged,
Would not their pledge forego.

In name we find an host—
In spirit but a few;
It 's knights we need the most
Who to their pledge are true.

We need the robust men,
In every fiber sound;
On those you can depend,
That firmly stand their ground.

Not cowards, but true men,
That in their place abide,
Who will not betray, when
Whatever may betide.

Knights not cowards we need
To fight our battles now—
Action and noble deeds
Sincere to every vow.

To stand their ground like men
In these sad, evil days,
To speak out like men
When danger thus betrays.

Thousands of men by name,
In spirit, but a few,
Old battle grounds reclaim,
Girded with strength anew.

Men that will stand their ground,
Advocate what is right,
With courage thus abound,
To stand in manhood's might.

It 's not the goody kind,
That's everybody's friend ;
But principle to bind,
True helping hand to lend.

Your thoughts in right moulds cast
Equipped for service true,
Principle that will last,
And to your manhood true.

Be on the knighthood list
In spirit and in name;
On principle insist,
To honor, not to shame.

Then keep your armor bright,
And stand as one that stood;
Don't think your duties light,
Nor drink of guilty blood.

Stand on the side of right,
Your courage never fail;
A daily record bright,
Whatever may assail.

A true knight in God's might,
And to a purpose true;
Valiant, noble knight,
As a knight dare do.

AN IMMORTAL SOUL.

WHY was I made, with all my powers of reason and of will—
With what design, or object sought, that I some sphere might fill?
Recoil my tho'ts, as with a blast, at information sought,
Responsible I know I am, in that I have been taught.

Man's duty is, I know at last, to serve some nobler end
Than sinful lust or base design, which to destruction tend;
A mortal frame (but that 's not all of which a man may boast)
Infinitely, beyond all doubt, is given to his trust.

The "Great I Am," who formed the man and made the outward mould,
Consigned in it—ah! what was it? Doth it remain untold?
Take His own word, it doth reveal, let its own light control:
"Let us make man," and breathe in him—ah! what? *"A living soul."*

"A living soul," that ever lives, beyond all bounds of time;
Contract that life, debar its end, is an enormous crime.
The object gained shall prove thy loss, if thou in error bind
That soul of thine by sinful chains, and with the world combine.

Many there are who gladly boast, nor death nor danger fear.
It's that within that often speaks and tells us *God is near.*
Heed not their voice, pay no regard to all they bring thee forth—
Go not with them, escape, for they are crushed before the *moth.*

A grand design, a noble end, conceived in God's own mind;
When man was made, by his own hand, all faculties combined.
Thy soul must live and is designed to fill a station fair
Or sink beneath the depths of woe in hell. O, is it there?

Before the throne thy place can be, and, clothed in bright
array,
Angels behold redemption's plan, yet take no part can
they;
In song sublime, "Worthy of Lamb," before the throne
shall sing,
With golden harps, redemption song, with joyful glad-
ness ring.

Wonderful love it is to me, that Jesus laid aside
His own glory and came to earth, for man to bleed and
die;
He saw alone the triumph well that such an action sought,
Let blood bought souls each one ascribe, *He my salva-
tion bought.*

Wisdom divine, that plan'd my state, and made the way
so plain,
O Lord, forbid that such as I should thy great love dis-
dain.
Admire I will with thankful heart the end conceived by
me
Through God's own word, my future state, through all
eternity.

TEMPTATION.

O RESTLESS heart and anxious mind,
Canst thou not trace,
Whilst in this world shalt thou not find
A resting place?
In storm or calm, in health or pain,
Be pure in soul and thou shalt gain
The victory, though almost slain
Whilst in the race.

Time and again comes that dark hour,
To friends unknown,
A deadly foe within thy bower,
And thou alone.
As it assails and is thus bent,
Canst thou perceive what may be meant
By the temptation that is sent,
When all alone?

One evil thought may thus be born,
A foe to thee;
At the dawn of life's pure morn
Enthroned it be.
Before thy gaze, its influence great,
Consider thou what is at stake;
Or to thy shame thou shalt awake
Disgrace to see.

Be watchful thou, cease not to pray,
Thy task fulfill,
And strive to do, by night by day,
The Master's will.
Trust thou in him amidst thy fears,
An hopeful smile press thro' thy tears,
Thus gaining strength for future years,
Thy soul enthrill.

ANGELO.

A LONELY traveler walked the street
Of an ancient city long ago;
Absorbed in thought, yet with weary feet,
He pressed his way, without friend or foe;
Though thinly clad, yet of noble birth,
He possessed a soul of sterling worth.

Onward he pressed, and his noble soul
Expanded on that eventful day;
'T was a master mind he did control.
He beheld a stone as it thus lay
On the highway without form or grace —
A form of beauty his mind did trace.

In that stone he saw an angel form—
Though unproduced, in that stone it lay.
Other minds had passed it by with scorn,
A stone of no value, they did say,
But to Angelo it thus became
An object of value, all the same.

Marble it was, though hidden from view—
Thousands indifferent passed it by;
But what from that stone would now ensue?
The skill of an artist was going to try
Lifting the stone from its lowly bed
To a place of honor, be it said.

By washing it became pure and white,
And the sculptor's soul with joy did glow
As he thus beheld with keen delight
That angel form out of it would grow.
True, it was *only* a marble stone—
In it something to his vision shone.

For that object he toiled day and night,
And by his wisdom he thus did trace.
That angel form was revealed to sight,
And from it came that angelic face.
His toil was rewarded at the last.
From that stone an angel form was cast.

INTELLIGENCE.

CANST thou touch with intelligence other worlds,
By their silent speech intelligence unfurls;
O'er all the Creator's wisdom doth control
Those orbs that speak to an intelligent soul.

Be it nature's realm or heaven's mighty dome,
Vast the knowledge in the school wherein we roam;
Appeals thus in wisdom to thy plastic soul,
Art thou seeking the intellectual goal.

Its path marked out, though unseen by mortal men,
By a great teacher, who, in ages past, when
He unlocked the gates of truth to all mankind,
Bursting the bars of ignorance that did bind.

If thou from this source remain through life unfed,
And seek not his wisdom as thy daily bread,
A skeleton art thou, in substance a ghost—
Thy lack of knowledge would condemn thee the most.

Thirst thou for knowledge, and in thy day be wise.
Learning how thou may'st enter paradise;
By dilligence in the school of thought restore
Thy standing, and thou shalt find the open door.

*A LOVING TRIBUTE.

"And in their death they were not divided."—II. Sam. 1 ch., 23 v.

I STOOD beside a silent tomb,
With anxious heart I had drawn near.
Close by there flowed a living stream
O'er sand and pebbles bright and clear.

What memories of days now past
Seemed everywhere around me cast,
As I read those names one by one
At noonday by the glowing sun!

*A little incident connected with my ministry brought me in contact with this family. Twenty years have passed, and the friendship still continues with the remaining member of the family.

The grassy mound with beauty sloped,
Each blade of grass around me spoke;
Three forms beneath lay sleeping there,
That my own life seemed thus to share.

In life they were so real and true,
And from them I can thus construe
Thoughts from each individual life,
As they lie thus removed from sight.

Only by name I knew of two,
Just before death did thus ensue.
One of the three, a friend to me,
His face it seems I almost see.

Real is life, even in death—
Listen to what the scripture saith:
"Being dead, yet speaketh." How true
That death cannot a life consume.

Unconscious to the silent dead,
I thus approach with silent tread,
Let fall a tear upon the grass—
My friend in death, I cannot pass.

My friend sleepeth his last long sleep ;
By his grave-side I stand and weep.
Somewhere, I cannot tell just where,
We 'll meet again, life's joys to share.

Farewell, my friend ; farewell to thee.
It 's death that parted thee and me,
I visit now thy silent tomb
Where sweet memories live to bloom.

Thou living spring, cease not to flow,
As in contrast with death below,
That life and death, and death and life,
Dwell side by side, but not in strife.

Precious moments, they cannot last,
I came, and I again must pass
On my way, even to the end,
When death's shadows around me blend.

Farewell, my friend, the sigh, the tear-
I'm thankful we are now so near,
If I again should never see
This sacred spot, so let it be.

*OUR BELOVED PRESIDENT.

OUR chief magistrate lies dead upon our shore.
Most sacred ties have been snapped in twain,
And our beloved President is now no more.
By the dread assassin he was slain;
In that critical moment danger drew nigh—
By the anarchist he was doomed thus to die.

Ah, cruel fate, that did lurk and thus await
Where the nation's treasures did abound—
Within our Columbia's Exposition gate
In a moment stricken to the ground.
With his foe stood face to face, the flash, the sound.
By the bullet he was stricken to the ground.

In a flash the nation's joy turned into grief,
And a wail of sorrow reached the skies;
Millions of loyal subjects were forced to weep,
As he was wounded before their eyes,
Fatally. By the assassin's bullet's sting
The nation's heart in sorrow was made to ring.

The nation loved him, yea, she loves him now,
From north to south and from east to west,
As they together in sable grief doth bow.
The nation's heart bleeds within her breast,
As she bows her head and in her anguish cry:
"My God, my God!" She sees her President die.

* William McKinley, shot by Leon Czolgosz in Temple of Music, Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 6, 1901: died at Buffalo, Sept. 14, 1901.

Lower the Stars and Stripes: they with us shall mourn
O'er the nation's head in death so low,
And at half mast they shall float from eve to morn.
In grief together his name adore,
Speak reverently underneath the pall of death—
The life has gone, the most vital spark, his breath.

The nation's chief laid low, even with the dust—
By his sudden death our spirits crushed;
Whilst that vacant chair in the White House, *so lone,*
Shines more lustrous than a monarch's throne.
Tread softly, speak gently, grief our hearts consume,
As we lay him away in the silent tomb.

Ye heavens bow down and mingle with our grief—
Through these trying times thus guide us safe.
Whilst o'er his demise we in our sorrow weep,
We commend to thee *our ship of state.*
Go thou before our face and thus guide our way—
Bring us through the gloom into the light of day.

We stand to-day through him where we never stood
Before. "Cuba's Island" he has freed
By the great sacrifice of our nation's blood—
'T was a noble act, sublime indeed.
He's the noble hero of the present age,
Written not with ink on our history's page.

Our President's blood is crying from the ground.
And shall it to us thus cry in vain?
Traitors within the camp! It's the bugle sound!
They our noble President have slain!
Justice it demands! Shall we that justice give?
To arms, if need be: our liberty must live.

WHAT ARE WE?

We rejoice in this land of our freedom,
It echoes clear on the air like a bell;
Whoever can imagine the outcome?
Will some prophet arise and foretell.

There appears no resistance whatever
Within the heart, or the mind, or the will.
Man is getting very wise and clever
In other minds his belief to instill.

Personal beliefs and doctrines all mixed,
A prescription for selfishness and greed,
Whilst each in his own profession is fixed,
To give birth to petty schemes that they breed.

We are whites and have become civilized,
To our name be it so frequently said,
And educated in all that is wise--
Graduated a civilized biped.

We seem wiser than the God who made us,
And receive with disdain his commands.
Foolish is the doctrine of redemption,
The invitation to repentance we withstand.

It 's the base-ball and pleasures on Sundays,
To do according to our own sweet will,
Getting up with a heart-ache on Mondays,
Because the world's fascinations enthrill.

We smile and we frown at one another,
Making life a continual warfare;
We know not our own sister or brother,
Because the spirit of Christ is so rare.

In wild selfishness we struggle and fight,
Determined some worldly honors to win,
Until Christian profession — what a sight!
It 's become an abominable sin.

It is selfishness from professor to priest.
Many strive for position, nothing more.
It 's difficult to distinguish, at least,
The professor from sinner any more.

In worldly wisdom what fools we dare be,
Trifling with God's priceless liberty,
Our eyes beclouded so we cannot see
The glory of the world's nativity.

Through human selfishness devices rule,
Thus ignoring counsel that is divine.
We stake heaven's honor as in a pool,
Without a blush of shame, a daily crime.

Churches are all wrong, it 's so often said—
The gospel message getting worn and old ;
To alluring objects millions are wed,
Whilst scrambling daily for sordid gold.

Be not so deceived, Christ speaks to you:
"Rise and follow me," hast thou heard him say?
It 's regeneration that must renew
The same old gospel that we need to-day.

Wilt thou be true, and loyal to thy trust?
Heed not vain mortals, what they say or do,
Be upright in life, sincere and just ;
Someday He will whisper, "*Well done to you.*"

Whate'er you do, don't let the Savior go—
Your only hope for that eternal shore.
In life's strong current, with its mighty flow,
Can you afford to risk *What goes before?*

* NATURE'S TREASURES.

WHAT are those silent sprigs that come to me?
Their far-off dwelling place I have not seen.
Reveal to me something. Where did you dwell—
On mountain slope or in some lovely dell?

Who were your companions by day, by night,
Through summer days or winter's chilly blight?
Did any mortal come with weary feet
And stand by your side *silently to weep.*

Silent watchers that sprang from mother earth,
The spring-time showers gave to you your birth,
To grow and thrive, silently to abide
Near by a friend of mine that *lived* and *died.*

You fading stems, O speak to me of life
Where no struggles blend into mortal strife.
You guarded the sleeping dust of my friend,
In tenderness and love I o'er you bend.

* A friend of mine lost his wife by death. She was a friend of mine. She was taken to another State for burial. A few days ago he visited her resting place. Whilst there he plucked a few sprigs from her grave and sent them to me by mail. They suggested the above lines.

Your late dwelling place I shall never see,
Many miles thus roll between it and me.
I am glad you came with your silent speech—
In whisperings low sweet memories preach.

In tenderness I take you in my hand
And fancy I see your own dear home land;
From whence you have come in safety to me,
That lone grave, I fancy, through you I see.

A sacred treasure to abide with me,
To be near my side you always shall be;
I 'll think of your comrades you left behind,
And those links of friendship that now doth bind.

I willingly would stand where you have stood,
On wings would I fly, if I only could.
I know that she rests in that narrow bed,
O'er which human hearts in sorrow *hath bled*.

As you thus lie before me, a tear thus falls
From mine own eyes. It 's your presence recalls
To mind memories of days past and gone—
I see them to-day from whence you have come.

From earth we came, and to earth we return;
That thought by your presence I thus discern.
When I from this earth with others have passed,
We 'll greet each other in heaven at last.

WAKE UP, YE CHRISTIANS.

WAKE up, ye Christian neighbors,
Be loyal to your name,
Christ, the Son of God, is ours,
Forevermore the same.

Don't get beyond your Teacher
In wisdom of this world;
Though every man's a preacher,
The truth becomes absurd.

See, struggling in a conflict,
Thinking might is right,
The spirit of the Master
Lies buried out of sight.

This life is just a whirlpool—
A spirit of unrest,
Like idiots in a school,
With teacher like the rest.

Christ's kingdom is one of peace,
And to your neighbor true,
A gift from heaven at least,
Christ came to give to you.

Instead of that a conflict—
Worldliness to the core;
Side-issues are the watchword
That makes one sick and sore.

The Christian makes his burden
That Christ does not approve,
Aggravating heart and soul
Because its false, not true.

There's no reverence for God,
Each one thus thinks he's right;
The pathway the Master trod
Lies hidden from one's sight.

Christ came to give us freedom
And sweetness to our life,
But we have plunged in serfdom,
Our life is one of strife.

Wake up, ye Christian neighbors,
Be loyal to your king.
It's *heaven* or *hell* that's ours,
But one away we *fling.*

Wake up, ye Christian neighbor,
It's darkness of a night
That's settling down upon us,
Obscuring Christ from sight.

Can hardly trust your neighbor,
Or know who is your friend;
Far from your teacher drifted,
Ah, what will be the end?

Wake up! Don't plot in secret,
As with the devil linked;
Profession not so secret
As you unjustly think.

Wake up to thoughts of Christhood
In these your passing years.
If you drown those Christ longings,
A devil's form appears.

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

I LOVE to take the word of life
And read the sacred pages there.
The Holy Spirit gives the light
As I its joys and pleasures share.

I love to take the word of life,
Which is by inspiration given,
That I may follow Thee aright
And become an heir of heaven.

I love to take the word of life,
For it alone has been my guide;
Its promises are fair and bright
To all who seek and doth not hide.

I love to take the word of life,
It reveals such wondrous love—
Thousands of thousands clothed in white
That reign in endless bliss above.

I love to take the word of life—
By its radiance I can see
The cross of Christ was raised on high
And on that cross he died for me.

I love to take the word of life—
"Water of Life," the "Living Bread."
The eye of faith brings it to sight;
By it the hungry soul is fed.

I love to take the word of life—
Aid me, Lord, from heaven above,
That I may read as in thy sight,
Stayed upon everlasting love.

I love to take the word of life,
A foretaste of eternal joy.
It aids me in my daily life,
As I my powers thus employ.

I love to take the word of life
And read the sacred pages there.
The Holy Spirit gives the light
That I its joys and pleasures share.

WHENCE CAME THEY?

WHENCE came that bright array
That stand before the throne?
Arrayed in white are they,
In beauty not their own.

Whence came that happy throng
Unto those mansions fair?
They sing the victor's song—
I long their joys to share.

They came through trials great
And out of every clime,
Those joys did them await.
Ah! will those joys be mine?

They loved their Savior's name,
Whilst in this world below;
They through sufferings came,
Now free from every woe.

They stand arrayed in light
On the eternal shore,
Thousands arrayed in white,
In bliss forevermore.

Brought through tribulation,
They gained that happy land;
Ceaseless adoration
Flows from that sinless band.

No more in sorrow led,
All tears were wiped away,
On heaven's joys are fed
Through an eternal day.

Whence came that happy throng
Before the great white throne?
They sing the new, new song,
In heaven's strains are borne.

O, may I reach that place—
Heaven so bright, so fair!
I would their footsteps trace,
And I their joys would share.

* THE SPARROWS.

WEE little sparrows
Free from all sorrows,
A family brood
All searching for food;
They are here and there,
All freedom from care;
They won't fly away,
Come with us to stay.

They do chirp all day,
No board bill to pay.
They show much good sense
At such small expense.
A nuisance, you say,
That comes every day,
So bold and witty—
For them no pity.

*"Fear not therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows."—Luke 12:7.

Always chirp, chirp, chirp,
So bold and so pert,
They thus drive away
Singing birds, you say—
Such a pest are they,
A nuisance you say.
Just give one reason
That is in season.

Now take a good look
In the good old book.
I think you will see
What a nuisance they be.
"She hath found an house"
In which she can live.
The Bible is true,
So what can you do?

Upon the house top
Their chirp you can't stop.
They live and they thrive,
With mortals abide.
God takes care of them,
And them he doth send
That they may you teach.
Just *heed* what they *preach.*

Those birds of the air
God's mercies doth share,
No thought for their life
In peace or in strife.
They sow not, nor reap,
Yet they eat and sleep;
No storehouse have they,
Yet live day by day.

You better than they
Just heed what I say—
Those sparrows so small
Give lessons to all.
Be like a sparrow
And do not borrow
No care nor sorrow
Now for to-morrow.

You like them depend
On what God doth send,
You, better than they,
Not if you don't pray.
Like them, trust in him
Or you daily sin.
They trust the giver—
Have doubts, *no never*.

You take all you can—
The nature of man.
Grasping brings sorrow,
So do you borrow.
Those sparrows doth teach,
Just heed what they *preach.*
Learn the lesson well
And it will be well.

So thoughtfully pray
If better than they.
Convicted, ah, what?
Just say, *I 've forgot.*
Much better than they,
Our Father doth say
On *one* condition
You are his children.

So don't go to croak,
With finger to poke
At the poor sparrow
To your own sorrow.
Not one of them falls
To the earth, be it said,
Without his notice
When they drop down dead.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN'S tints are pressed upon the vines,
It is death's seal, by which autumn binds;
From its strong hand there is no release,
The flowers fade and the song birds cease.

All verdure ablaze with glory bright,
Whilst beauty fades in leaf — lovely sight—
In gorgeous hues doth sublimely shine;
Yet in that beauty death's touch is thine.

Reflected from vines and forest groves,
Earth and heaven blend, in glory glows,
Blending with that of the setting sun,
As nature's course into autumn run.

Autumn's glory, like the setting sun,
In a little while its course has run,
To be followed by long, dreary hours
Waiting once more for spring-time showers.

The leaves thus fall and the flowers fade,
Casting its gloom like the evening's shade,
Falls like a mantle o'er mother earth.
Till spring-time once more shall give them birth.

The trees and flowers seek nature's rest
Even death doth give what seemeth best.
Just one short day it doth measure all,
And in that one short day all must fall.

The trees and flowers, with birds of song,
All to one bright summer day belong.
We mortals, like they, must fill our place,
Or in death we shall no glory trace.

None shall escape the sepulchre shade.
We, like flowers, at autumn-time fade,
And lips, like song-birds, shall cease to speak
When our spirits have thus been released.

Autumn of life is coming to all,
When we like the leaves must fade and fall,
And in that fall may a glory press
Beyond autumn's glory, *nothing less.*

Even so, my God, so let it be,
That others in death that glory see—
The glory of the Christ-life expand,
As I draw near heaven's border-land.

I AM LONELY TO-NIGHT.

I FEEL lonely to-night, I don't know why
My longing soul utters its plaintive cry,
As if imprisoned in some lonely cell,
Condemned in awful solitude to dwell.

I cast myself against the iron bars
With longings to be free. I am debarred
By some power — my hands, my feet, are bound.
The horror of horrors I now have found.

What have I done, or what has been my crime?
Not a ray of light on that thought doth shine.
Is there no God in the heavens above?
In some way make known a sense of his love.

I am alone, like a forsaken harp
Thrown into a garret lonesome and dark.
No skillful hand comes near to string the chords.
It is this lonesomeness my soul abhors.

I am driven by some unseen power
Into this dungeon at this very hour.
It 's the awful stillness of joys now crushed,
And every note that could thrill *has been hushed.*

My God! My God! in despair I cried,
The very thought made me desperately wild.
My soul was rocked on a tempestuous sea,
Driven by despair it appeared to be.

That experience, beautiful and rare,
If I could only *trust*, believe *in prayer*.
At such times God doth display his power.
Will he not to me at this very hour?

That one tho't calmed my soul, the raging ceased,
The quietness of my cell brought me peace,
Those very bars gave way and I was free
To thus commune with God. So let it be.

My doubts were dissolved and in came the light,
A transformation, a beautiful sight.
Faith was my ladder, reached up to the sky,
Bro't new joys and pleasures down from on high.

We can make our heaven or make our hell—
Just depends with whom we commune and dwell.
There is no cell, no bars, that can confine
The soul where Christ alone doth daily shine.

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-DAY.

If I should die to-day,
What then?
Tears from some eyes would fall,
Through grief,
Upon my up-turned face
Whilst they lovingly called
My name; in grief's impassioned tones
Touch the cold flesh upon my bones;
My sightless eye-balls could not see
Those tears loved ones would shed for me.

If I should die to-day,
I would
Fall helpless by the way.
Where found,
Death would spare me the sight
Revealed, be what it might.
As the dear ones might gather round
In a circle where grief was found,
And in anguish, "Papa," would cry,
In death unmoved by tear or sigh.

If I should die to-day,
To me
Those scenes would be unknown
As they,
Friends, one by one might pass,
As if in anguish borne;
With solemn face and their bowed head,
As it in reverence to the dead,
With whispered breath would speak my name,
By sympathy keep bright the flame.

If I should die to-day,
I thought
How quick the news would fly
Around.
People would come and go
Silently through the door.
Upon my cold form they might lavish
More words of praise than I could wish—
Speak my praise in death with feeling
They withheld whilst I were living.

If I should die to-day,
Some one
In sweet accents would say
One word
To ease those aching hearts
Under the rod that smarts,
Unconscious of all that might pass—
Loving words tempered by the blast
Of death's cold wave that o'er them rolled
As they my face in death behold.

If I should die to-day,
I know
Many would go to tell
The news:
"The preacher died to-day,"
In solemn tones would say.
Of my goodness and noble acts
Some would speak regardless of facts—
But sorrow touches human hearts,
Towards those who in death departs.

A SYMBOL OF BEAUTY.

I received a rose after my mother's death that lay on her breast as she lay in death awaiting her transit to the grave. It has faded and its beauty gone. I prize it for its association with life and death. During her life she cultivated it with care and admired its sweet fragrance.

THIS faded rose a loving tribute brings,
From its silent leaves, sweet memories spring.
Its advent brought forth from heart a sigh,
By its silent presence truth lingers nigh.

It lived that its own mission might attain,
A most worthy ambition thus to gain.
For life it lived, cut down for death, to die,
Blended in one, I see no reason why.

Its withered leaves reveal to me a gloom,
A thought that even death cannot consume.
It has filled its mission with matchless grace,
By life, by death, its life, its death, I trace.

These silent withered leaves to me confide
A secret, and I thus rest satisfied—
Speaks of my mother's love in its own day,
For her it died when she thus passed away.

I loved it as I looked upon its face,
In those faded leaves rare beauty I traced.
Itself and mistress death had thus assailed—
Both now lie within death's dark mystic vail.

Near to my heart they both shall thus abide,
Linked together as one, though drawn aside.
As I thus ponder tears I cannot hide—
Dear faded rose, I draw thee to my side.

Mould thou to dust, like one within the tomb,
Thy beauty death has already *consumed.*
Precious treasure, tho' but a faded rose,
I 'll watch o'er thy ashes as they repose.

LIFE'S SEA.

"But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves: for the wind was contrary. And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea. And when the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, It is a spirit; and they cried out for fear. But straightway Jesus spake unto them saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."—Matt. 14 ch., 24 to 27 verses.

LIFE is a sea that must be crossed,
Upon its billows life is tossed,
Knowing not what is stored in store
Or what is just beyond, before.
At our Lord's command we thus cross life's sea,
Through storm or sunshine, whatever it be.

We are launched at birth, a frail bark—
Upon life's sea one human ark
Of mortal frame, whate'er betide,
On its surface so broad and wide;
We thus sail along to the other side,
Whatever happens we must there abide.

Through infant days was guided safe,
The care from others love did trace;
Many an anxious moment spent,
As on life's course we thus were bent.
It was a mother's love, a mother's care,
Many anxieties she thus did share.

We to manhood at last were grown,
Still in the ship we were thus borne
Into the midst of life's great sea—
Borne onward, ever thus to be.
We met with cross seas, and the waves were high,
Brought many anxious thoughts, terror and sigh.

The storm before us, dead of night,
We rose in fear, as if in fright;
Losing control of our own ship—
Life's journey a dangerous trip;
Realized our danger, right in our course,
It appeared to concern us all the most.

Whilst in the storm one came to thee,
As He thus walked upon the sea.
We could not see Him, we were blind,
As the waves rose before, behind—
A most fearful storm, that filled with dismay
As we longed and prayed for the dawn of day.

Ah! we saw something in that storm
That filled the soul with dread alarm,
With fears without and doubts within,
All on account of our life's sin.
In anguish borne we thus cried out in fear,
Thinking that some spirit was drawing near.

In a moment a voice thus speaks,
And the anguish at once thus breaks.
The Christ, the Lord, dispels our fear,
Speaking to us, "Be of good cheer";
Above the storm we heard the Master's cry,
Speaking thus: "Be of good cheer: it is I."

Brother, take heart. Christ still the same.
Walking on the sea he thus came.
What he has done can do again.
"I will," the promise he doth send,
"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."
In mercy he thus speaks: "Believe in me."

Life's journey o'er, another shore,
Where storms shall rage and wax no more.
"The fourth watch of night" dawn will come,
And He will safely guide thee home.
In the midst of storms thou shalt humbly trust,
Walking thus on the sea He 'll save, He must.

What gratitude to fill one heart,
In storm He will not thus depart.
It's Christ you need in time of need.
Thus doubt no more, only believe—
In every trying hour to him thus cry:
"Lord, save me,"—"Be not afraid, it is I."

OUR TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

It 's just twenty-five years ago to-day,
How brief the time doth seem ;
We wedded and together went our way
Over life's flowing stream.

We pledged our troth underneath autumn skies
Within the mystic vale,
There we could not foresee what would arise
As o'er life's sea we sailed.

On that eventful morn we thus did greet
The sunbeam's smiling ray;
'Twas a journey for life, with no retreat
Until life's closing day.

Many blessings have blended with our years,
As they have swiftly passed,
Whilst many doubts and fears mingled with tears
In trying moulds were cast.

We have written life's pages, one by one,
As we life's book doth make,
And every evening with the setting sun
Our praise to God awake.

How thankful for this anniversary day,
The fruit of those now past.
We see our hair is turning somewhat gray,
And age is creeping fast.

Half a century thus have glided o'er
Our pathway, as you see;
We cannot expect thus to toil much more
Before death comes, maybe.

The sweetest thoughts that blend with life to-day
In dwelling on the past,
In thought or act we never did betray
Those vows for Christ we cast.

Nothing but "broken reeds" our lives have been,
Beneath God's daily gaze;
Only a "smoking flax" could thus be seen
In all our christian ways.

Just one talent from our Lord we received,
And that we greatly prized.
'Twas our joy, our only hope, to believe,
And that we realized.

It seems to us that we might have done more
In toiling for our Lord;
We often enter through our closet door
To see what we have stored.

The fruits, we know, are anything but large,
So small in size appear;
Yet no deceit or guile has ever marred
What we have gathered here.

It 's faith alone in Him, our coming sight.
When He will thus appear
We will welcome His coming with delight,
Without a pang or fear.

The fruits of our toil we 'll lay at His feet,
And earnestly entreat,
For His sake alone, they shall be made meet,
An offering pure and sweet.

Trembling, but confiding, we will thus wait,
And in His judgment rest.
"As ye have done it unto me"— how great!
His judgment is the best.

We will thus abide, whate'er may betide,
Even unto the end;
And in His promise we will thus abide,
Though rocks in sunder rend.

NIGHTLY ECHOES.

I STAND at midnight underneath the vaulted dome,
The heaven of heavens so vast above my head.
Their silent speech awakens strange thoughts, be it said.

Those stars that twinkle in their orbs like gems of gold,
That quiver in their speech, a language still untold.
No mortal as yet understands what they behold.

The moon had risen, and, like a fair bride, she rides
Through unknown space. By her power tides rise and fall.
What mortal man can tell that power? *None at all.*

How small is man; surrounded by infinite space;
As he thus stands beneath that dome, strange thoughts awake,
So grand and rare, this thought of God he cannot shake.

At this moment nature's silence, as if in sleep,
In deep abyss, how vast to me, it rests unknown
In solitude, as on some unknown sea I 'm borne.

At this midnight hour my mind is thus lost in thought—
Deeper the depths within than those I find without,
Fathomless, unknown, I confess without a doubt.

There is an echo within my soul that responds
To the eternal God, who thus rules over all.
Somehow my soul awakens to its silent call.

It 's not a voice from human lips I seem to hear
As I thus stand at this very hour all alone ;
Yet not alone, someone is near beneath the dome.

I could not exist alone, through some source I live.
Why am I thus drawn with a yearning from within,
If that yearning is not to make me think of Him ?

I am a child surrounded by my father God.
How grand, inspiring, his works beneath, above,
Those silent orbs with their silent voice *speak his love.*

TOILING ON.

It is a most blessed calling,
Toil till the day is o'er,
And the evening shadows falling,
You cannot work no more;
The fruits of your labor bringing
Unto the Master's feet,
And your heart with gladness ringing
That life's work is complete.
Then the well done will surely come
The crown receive which thou hast won.

However long the day may be,
Night will surely follow.
In the valley you may not see.
From the hill-tops borrow
That calm repose, as one who knows
"In whom they have believed."
Hour after hour thy faith thus glows
Till the shadowy eve.
Then the well done will surely come,
The crown receive which thou hast won.

MY STUDY.

THERE is a place where I delight to dwell—
I prize it more than human lips can tell.
Underneath its shelter I love to hide—
With my books in solitude thus abide.
They are my silent friends,
Love for them sweetly blends.
Within my study walls I share
Quietude free from care.

When burdens press upon my anxious breast,
I often go there for a quiet rest.
An inviting shelter its shadows hide,
As in communion with God I abide.
Just for a little while
I seek its rest from toil,
Sweet haven to a trustful soul,
A broken heart thus made whole.

If it were not for that blessed retreat,
Where I often approach with weary feet,
My hopes would thus become a total loss,
As I upon life's stormy sea am tossed.
It's my haven of rest,
And with its calmness blest,
As I thus go from day to day,
Within its wall to watch and pray.

I am a shepherd thus daily watching
O'er my flock, and with them thus abiding,
At my post to be found faithful and true
To man and God, whatever may ensue,
In sorrow or in joy
My life for them employ.
In much weakness I thus deplore
As I pass through my study door.

Such burdens and sorrows of others' woes
The shepherd must bear as he daily goes
Amongst his own people from day to day
To inspire the good, but the evils stay.
It takes redeeming grace
Such a life to embrace,
Thus to trace one's way day by day,
Be it joy or grief, what it may.

Sin doth abound, yea, all have gone astray,
Darkness broods instead of the light of day,
The sacred fires, I see, are burning dim,
This appalling darkness the people's sin.
From it I seek to hide
Within walls to abide,
To plead with God where none can see.
In my study I long to be.

With that firm belief that I have in prayer,
It's my faith in God that thus takes me there.
A most peaceful rest I thus find within
Its walls, as I bemoan my people's sin,

In agony of soul,
Mercy alone control,
When I have thus shut to my door,
A suppliant my God adore.

Those dumb silent walls my witnesses be,
When I alone, where none but God can see;
Those silent tears that I so often shed;
And where the pastor's heart has daily bled,
Whilst on his bended knee,
Where none but God could see,
Poured forth my cries with bitter tears,
The darkness great, through anxious fears.

If it had not been for that hallowed place,
Where its helpfulness I so clearly trace
The need, as those trials had completely crushed
My spirit, came a voice that sweetly hushed
The anguish found within,
All on account of sin,
I felt at once, close by my side,
As if my Lord did thus abide.

In my study, where intercessions rise,
As I looked for help through tear-stained eyes,
Whilst for my wayward flock my spirit yearns
And my heart aflame in sore anguish burns
For the waywardly sheep,
I am smitten with grief.
I come to plead for those I love—
The flock o'er which I'm placed by God.

THE CHRISTIAN GRACES.

FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY.

FAITH, a christian grace of noble worth,
Grasps things unseen, to a mortal's gain.
Its own vast realms are heaven and earth,
A thought ungrasped by a human brain.

Seeks no assistance of human help
In times of trial or conflicts great;
It finds resources of greater wealth,
Whatever issues may be at stake.

Faith in God can remove mountains, or
Make the rough plain, or the crooked straight.
"Faith is the substance of things hoped for,"
O'ercomes life's trials, however great.

Faith is God's power, a thought sublime,
That a human mind cannot conceive,
Links our own weakness with the divine.
"All things are yours," takes faith to believe.

Hope is an anchor, needed in life,
Ever abiding, steadfast and bright—
In days of gloom or the darkest night,
Always abiding in strength and might.

Hope keeps us from sinking into gloom,
And in the moment of deep distress,
Giveth strength that nothing can consume.
Strengthening hearts within human breasts.

Always abiding a day at a time,
Comforting like some inspiring song,
Steadying frail hearts like mine and thine,
A christian grace to this life belongs.

Without it, we would die in despair,
Left stranded upon some unknown shore,
And to other minds the thought would glare,
Hopelessness, a sad thought to deplore.

Charity, the sweetest grace of all,
That comes as a guest that we may share;
Love is divine whate'er may befall,
Adorning our life, a grace so rare.

Queen of the three graces, matchless love,
Suffusing our lives, so grand, so fair,
Transforming lives like that from above,
To the Christ-likeness love shall compare.

Love abiding is love adoring,
Revealing heaven to human sight.
We abiding, others beholding,
Transformed it be, resplendent with light.

Faith, hope and love, these graces sublime.
Beautiful and grand within our reach.
Can I by right claim such treasures mine?
If so, what a life my life may preach.

ROSES, SWEET ROSES.

Roses, sweet roses, in the month of June,
Filling the air with sweet perfume,
Their colors so bright and their fragrance sweet
Their coming I again thus greet.

The roses I welcome with all my heart,
From them I do not wish to part.
To me they are always so sweet and pure,
Our friendship always will endure.

Roses, sweet roses, so fair and so bright,
On this June morning greet my sight,
As their sweet fragrance on the air doth flow
Like by-gone days of long ago.

In my childhood days the roses grew,
Their petals wet with nightly dew.
Mother would shake them as she would gather
Roses, her favorite flower.

To me no other flower like the rose—
Blends with my life unto its close.
I shall always love them where'er I dwell,
Till the leaves to the cold earth fell.

Even so, like the rose in its short day,
May my life some influence sway,
That some sweet fragrance in my life may dwell,
Fill my place, like the rose, so well.

Each human life thus like a rose may be
Branching forth from the parent tree,
Blooming with a fragrance of sacrifice,
Likened unto the living Christ.

*AN OPEN GRAVE.

I stood beside an open grave, upon a summer day;
A solemn thought stole o'er the mind without one cheering ray.
I could not bring my thoughts to rest upon the scene in view,
A shattered wreck of human life, that could not be renewed.
The grave was ready to receive and hold within its power
That which was given to its trust till the decisive hour.

A wreck of human life was he, whilst held within the grasp
Of demon drink and skeptic thoughts, a two-fold hellish blast.
His thoughts no higher motive found, but sin and pleasure sought;
It was a life the most debased he in his race had wrought.
With his own heart and thoughts combined to feed his mad career,
Downward in course he ever went, and died without a fear.

* The above sad scene occurred on the field of one of my pastorates. On Sabbath morning, just as we were assembling for worship, the sad news came, awful to think of, trying to contemplate, only one of the many sacrifices to the demon drink.

He ever shunned the voice of truth, and with a sneering
look
Gazed upon the best of friends, that prized God's sacred
book;
Nor would he hear the warning cry, or give a moment's
thought
To words of counsel or reproof, with madness ever fought,
Until the day of mercy past and he was left alone
To face his maker and his God upon His judgment throne.

At last he sought to quench his thirst, with eager foot-
steps bent.
He drank, he stayed till darkness came that brought the
sad event.
At last he came, and by the fence he took a strip of bark,
And by its light he sought its aid to guide him in the
dark.
The burning embers fell around and marked the drunk-
ard's way,
A light it was, it proved his last before the break of day.

The neighbors slept, the morning came and told the sad,
sad tale;
Whoever heard what had occurred they gave a bitter wail.
No friend was near to stop the flames as they in anger
grew,
The house in which the drunkard lay was all at once con-
sumed,
In ashes all was brought to lay before the gazeful crowd.
The deed was done, and he was called to reap his own re-
ward.

THE TUMBLE WEEDS.

DID you ever watch the tumble weeds
Roll across the prairies?
There is great sport in watching the deeds
Of these Russian fairies.

They chase one another as with delight—
For miles and miles will run.
They are here and there and out of sight
In their frolic and fun.

They jump and toss as if they had life,
Each tries to head the race.
They jumble and mix, as if in strife,
Battling face to face.

Again they break and scatter once more—
To right and left they go.
Before you know it they pass your door,
Driven by winds that blow.

The tumble weeds are on constant move,
O'er the broad prairies roll
Over each other, as if to prove
They have a right to stroll.

Will your life, like a tumble weed, be
Like chaff before the wind,
Simply run after what you may see
And in nothingness end?

Not all to run hither and thither
By every wind that blows,
Going, like weeds, you know not whither,
Nobody cares or knows.

You simply live to have a good time,
Every day just the same.
To live such a life is your worst crime,
Whate'er may be the name.

Roll and tumble against each other,
You waste your time to live.
I 'd be a sister or a brother,
An inspiration give.

Be a tumble weed, if you want to,
And all such pleasures find.
When you have stop'd running you may rue
The folly it combined.

EVOLUTION.

WHAT strange impulses touch my very soul,
Pulsate with yearnings almost divine?
I have no power to grasp or control
Their influence. Some unseen power doth bind.

Treasuries of knowledge about me cast,
Their mystery tantalizations bring;
Such earnest longings, infinitely vast,
Like mighty planets that around me swing.

A blade of grass, a flower, or a star,
Yea, the nightly whisperings of the wind,
Seem to outstrip me by their wisdom far,
Whilst their very silence my longings rend.

I yearn for something I have never seen,
Yet around me I can trace His dwelling place;
All about me I see where He has been.
That truth, do what I will, I can't erase.

Longings within my soul so wide and deep,
Mighty influences around me sweep,
Wider than the sea or those mountains steep,
Invite me to soar: I can only creep.

Things seen or unseen do I understand,
Visible or invisible to me,
All by their wisdom my ignorance brand—
Through blinded ignorance I cannot see.

There is a voice that speaks to me, not small:
"Go to the ant, and consider her ways."
In my ignorance I longingly call
For brighter and more intelligent days.

Knowledge I have, but of a human source
In many things I may be great and wise.
Such knowledge reveals my ignorance most,
As it came from the earth, not from the skies.

Men have been great and much wiser than I,
Monuments to their fame with us to-day.
From those crumbling ashes comes forth a sigh,
Their wisdom and greatness seem to betray.

It 's something beyond the mortal I crave—
Those earthly beings cannot satisfy
This intense longing like some mighty wave
Comes sweeping over such a worm as I.

I 'm a creature of a wise creator,
So mysteriously and wondrously made;
Those secret springs within — what are they for?
I may thus ignore, but cannot evade.

Sin, like a blight upon that image fair,
But not destroyed, whatever it may be;
God's image — fair likeness — would I dare
To presume to tell what I cannot see?

Yet, like a spring, within my soul to rise
For over fifty years, yet never quenched;
Like some starving babe, I 'm not satisfied
With what I have received. O take it hence.

As if from a slumber, I thus awake
To the light and strive to open mine eyes,
Somebody, somehow, within me thus spake:
"My child, come learn of me and thus be wise."

Just as a little child, with childlike trust,
I came as a child to a Teacher must,
And learned of Him who came, the wise, the just,
My all to Him in childlike faith intrust.

Gently as the morning dawn the light came,
Bringing a peace, a rest, within my soul,
That made me rise like a temple of fame,
My heart and mind by knowledge thus controlled.

I saw new beauty, grace in everything,
Love and mercy was thus about me cast,
From this source of knowledge new life did spring,
Consciousness of his handiwork at last.

I am a child of one great father, God.
He would not leave me to some cruel fate.
Some enemy to me I know has robbed
My soul, but not destroyed His image great.

I know, I feel, yea, I can understand
Through wisdom revealed in many ways,
At some future time, in some other land,
I shall leave far behind these infant days.

O God, I thank thee for these yearnings great,
That sway my soul with its power divine;
I thus slowly grow, but that growth will make
At last thy knowledge, for which I thirst, mine.

* A MOTHER'S LOVE.

"Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee."—Isaiah, 49:15.

A FAMILY of seven, loyal and true,
United together whatever ensue,
Their love for each other sincerely bound,
The secret of happiness each one had found.

My visits to them such joy they did give,
It gladdened my heart to behold how they lived.
A family interest one in another,
The youngest of all a wee baby brother.

* The mother referred to was a member of my church, noted for her piety and sweetness of disposition.

My visits to that home were filled with delight,
Their home circle so pure, a most pleasing sight.
Would shadows ever fall from darkness of night
Upon their pathway, its happiness to blight?

That mother's face, a benediction to all,
She reigned like a queen her household to control.
In her own daily sphere she frequently said:
"To my home circle I am happily wed."

One day she came over in anguish of heart,
Her spirit, wounded, under the rod did smart.
Hastening my steps on that eventful day
To find her baby boy in death sweetly lay.

The first broken link in a chain of seven,
A cold form lay on the shore of their haven,
Stranded and wrecked upon death's dangerous reef.
In that disaster they were smitten with grief.

The little form rested enshrouded in white
Within its casket, so sweet to one's sight.
Before it was carried to its resting place,
Death was claiming another bright little face.

Two little marble forms thus lay side by side,
The angry billows were spreading far and wide,
Fountains of grief from secret springs of sorrow
Flowed, as they from each human heart did borrow.

As we to the grave those cold forms did convey,
A messenger came running to our dismay,
Saying one more had died, the only brother.
How my heart yearned for that father and mother.

In one short week the reaper had gathered all.
Such a sad calamity thus to befall,
As I sat by that father and mother's side,
The two remaining ones in death did abide.

With folded hands that father and mother sat
Like marble statues ; their grief was unsurpassed.
I felt so helpless to thus assuage their grief ;
Touched by their own sorrow, I could only weep.

Some unseen power aroused that stricken mother.
Whilst in grief united to one another.
She took me by the hand, saying: "Will you pray?"
"Though He slay me, yet will I trust," she did say.

Five newly made graves were formed straight in a line,
Five little darlings that mother had called "mine."
That home was so lonesome, in silence untold,
I feared some other trial might yet unfold.

Yes, that mother's reason thus became dethroned,
From one room to another she daily roamed,
Thus calling her children by name, one by one,
As she in days past had so frequently done.

Their chairs at the table she would always place,
Full of expectation and joy, you could trace ;
And when they came not she would stand at the door,
Saying : " Come children," as she had done before.

The last time I saw her she said unto me :
" Have you seen the children ? O where can they be ?"
With voice so cheerful, and her face all aglow,
As if they might be playing close by the door.

The last act she performed was washing their clothes,
Neatly prepared, as a mother only knows.
On Saturday night they were carefully spread,
Each garment thus lay on the children's bed.

To the Sabbath school she desired they might go,
As they had gone with her so often before.
A penny was placed in each little pocket,
So that each little one might not forget it.

Just at the dawn of the coming Sabbath day
She whispered their names as she silently lay,
Then in a moment she cried : " Mamma will come."
She and her children were united as one.

I gazed on those garments laid out on the bed,
Then on that mother's face in death, be it said.
Ah ! "can a woman forget her child ? She may."
" I will not forget thee," hast thou heard Him say ?

LIFE'S EXPERIENCES.

HAVE you tried to speak when lips would quiver,
Through some great sorrow pressing sore thine heart,
Whilst the fountain of tears like some river
Would flow unchecked if they once got a start?

Have you tried to speak with your heart so full
Of some great joy known only unto thee,
Thine eyes beclouded, thy vision so dull,
As through those joyful tears thou couldst not see?

Have you tried to speak just one loving word
To some dear friend that lingered by thy side,
For lack of courage it had been deferred
And you parted, like two seas, far and wide?

Have you tried to sing some familiar song
With an anxious heart or a troubled mind;
You could not strike the key that thus belonged—
Too high, too low, or you dragged far behind?

Have you felt the mighty impulse of love
Moving thine heart to do what angels would?
Came as an inspiration from above,
It died at birth, passed away unimproved?

Have you felt unthankful and out of place
With your daily surroundings, day by day;
Some selfish wish that others could not trace,
To what purpose your lips refused to say?

Have you felt at night you would like to pray,
When alone in your chamber seeking rest,
Some motive influenced you to say nay
And you yielded to the temptation's test?

Have you felt restless at silent midnight,
When everthing appeared so lone and still?
With your own conscience you waged a fight,
Those silent misgivings your heart did fill?

As some grand impulse swayed thine inmost soul
With a desire to do some noble deed,
Just for one moment it did thus control,
And yet it failed to draw where it would lead.

Did you ever rise at the dawn of morn
With a noble purpose within your breast
That some noble deed your life would adorn
Before that day's sun had set in the west?

Many opportunities in life's way
Linger behind, and stretching on before,
Regardless of the fact of life's short day.
Lost opportunities you may deplore.

Why not change your course, at whatever cost
Of sacrifice or little selfish whim?
Loose your weakness: instead of manhood lost,
Rise to manhood, and the victory win.

THE END.

YEA, all things have an end,
However great or small;
As true as nature blends,
Dust over all shall fall.

Be it thrones of power,
Constantly on the wane,
Naught but a passing hour,—
Truth will ever remain.

This work I now complete,
In weakness thus expressed,
For readers thus to greet,
Remembering the text.

These Threads will soon grow old,
But truth will still endure,
Like unto beaten gold,
Will last forever, sure.

This book will soon grow old.
The ashes will enfold
Some particles of gold
When all in death is cold.

Truth will ever remain,
When earth shall be no more—
Eternally the same,
Truth will heaven adore.

Then search not for mere threads,
But search and thus behold,
As if you want to feed
On particles of gold.

The object thus in view,
To lead your mind aright,
Out of it may ensue
The dawn of morning light.

My work is now complete,
I give to you to drain.
No elaborate feat,
I hope it's not in vain.

It is in simple verse
I sought to glorify
Within this book rehearsed
The language of the sky.

It 's but a little thing,
As I thus call it mine,
Yet out of it may spring
One ray of truth to shine.

It's but a human seed,
Someone may praise the deed,
As on the truth they feed,
To gratitude will lead.

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